

Northern Lights
SUMMER 1963 VOL. 23 No. 2



Editorial

Dominion Day

1963

OUR country is a democracy because our people willed it to be. And it is not a democracy of only one race or people. Instead, it is made up of the contributions of men and women of all lands. The Canada of today is a great reservoir into which has flowed an unending stream of blood from all the continents on earth.

No other nation has been so blessed by Nature as ours. Her shores are washed by the waters of two great oceans. Lofty mountains, crowned with everlasting snows, look down upon the boundless prairie where millions of broad acres are waving fields of grain and other growing things. Beneath the ground are treasures of oil, coal, iron, copper, gold and many rare metals.

Of the wonders wrought by the minds and hands of men a goodly

Published quarterly at Flin Flon, Manitoba by Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Co., Limited.

Printed by The Wallingford Press Ltd., 303 Kennedy St., Winnipeg 2.

Copper engravings by Brigden's Ltd., Winnipeg.

Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.



share is found here. Here is the greatest system of free schools to be found anywhere, and colleges and universities. Here scientists, free to work as they will, have found the answers to many age-old riddles. And here are vast industries where men and women of skill, free in times of peace to work when and where they will, produce goods which have made possible for Canadians the highest standards of living ever known in all history.

But greater than her natural resources, more important by far than material accomplishments, is the free spirit in the hearts of our people. Love of peace is the foundation stone of our life. War is not glorified as something to be desired, but regarded as an abomination to be used only as a last resort against aggressors who threaten our existence and can be stopped in no other way. Nor is hatred of the people of other lands taught to our children.

Here by individual initiative under a system of free competitive enterprise men and women may rise, by their own efforts, to great heights of success. Courts of law protect the rights of citizens, and no man or woman is so humble or so poor that he or she cannot have access to them.

Here men and women, rich and poor, the high and the lowly, go to the polls and by secret ballots vote for candidates of their choice. And here a worker of today may become an owner of tomorrow.

These benefits were not inherent in the soil of Canada. Most came from sacrifice and long struggles and bitter hardships, such as were known by those men who conceived an idea on July 1, 1867, almost a century ago.

Cover picture, courtesy Manitoba Government, is scene on Lake Athapapuskow.



Bob Quinn, Leo Weisensel, Ivan Bateman, at Coronation mine.



Bryant McFarlane and Paul Petrychko cleaning up around north main shaft.

MINE

R. ASH

ON May 1st in company with Jim Wilson, Mine Shift Boss and Jack Chrisp, Mine Safety Foreman, we made a tour of our NMS workings. This is the kind of trip that not many people get the opportunity of taking and here is how it turned out.

Down the shaft, we travelled in the Main double deck cage to the 650 level where we inspected the chain feeders that control the Chisel Lake ore. This ore is rotary-dumped on surface where it drops down to the 300 level and eventually finds its way through 2 raises to the pockets below the 650 level from where it is hoisted to surface ore bins as needed. All Flin Flon ore trammed on the 650 level is now hoisted from the 1170 pockets.

At No. 3 winze, we took to the ladders and went down two sublevels or approximately 100 feet to 0-7 stope where we watched Jimmie May and Jack Bouteiller blasthole diamond

Bert Plante stands beside one of the new '63 white trucks to be used to haul Schist Lake ore to main crusher.

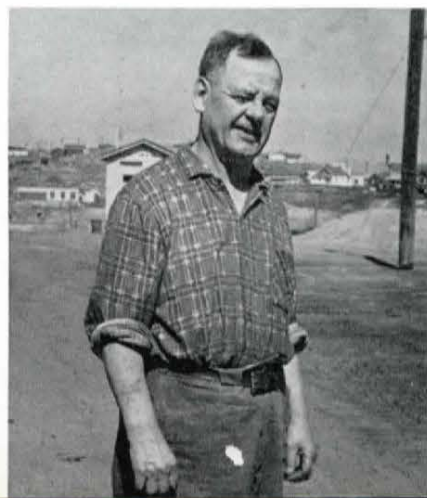


drilling. From here we climbed back up to the 650 and then climbed down the P-1 manway to the 9th sublevel where we came upon Steve Borsos and Norbert Bernhard mucking the ditch and Walter Ariko and Bill Urechko drilling on the 3rd lift of a cone raise. A side trip into the 0-7 scram saw Bill Hanna and Al LeBlanc looking the situation over before starting operations. On the 150 climb back we came upon Jake Coulthard, who was removing some electrical cables from the manway.

Pushing a loaded timber truck on the 650 level, was Steve Carpen and John Hrychuk on their way to Q-21 scram manway, where they would be doing a retimbering job. At No. 5 supply, we inspected the Vaneaxil fan that pulls air from the 1170 and shoots it out into the old open pit. No. 6 winze hoist was operating with George Montpetit at the controls, so we had him drop us down to the 1170 level.

We had a talk with Albert Angelski and Len Wiebe, who were busy picking up rigging and then took another climb down two sublevels to the 10th of 6 winze into the G-stope cement scrams. A good portion of the development work done underground so far this year

George Newton takes a long look at the plant before retiring April 30.

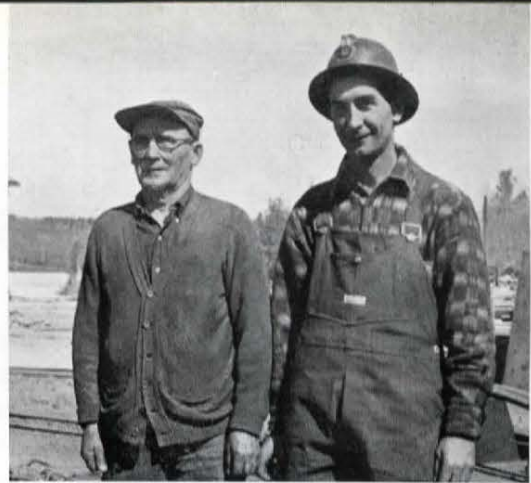




Dumping ore into cars at Coronation mine.

has been in this area and the men encountered were proud of their work. G-5 scam has 7 drawpoints and coning out and raising was being done by Henry St. Godard, Stan Waly, Tony Schlosser and Pete Rendziak. Back on the Main Level, we dropped into the powder magazine to talk to Jack Hydamaka, who was relieving Mike Matko, who was on holidays. At No. 3 shaft, we had Mike Yaworski take us down to the 1690 level. From here we climbed down to the 49 C & F stope, where we talked to Murney Mack and Doug Moore, who were having their troubles with a caved-in area. The steel mill hole was covered over with large muck and a timbering job had to be finished before they could proceed with the scraping out of the ore and filling prior to starting up drilling operations again. Muck from here comes out on the 10th sublevel and is eventually trammed on the 2210. A small stope called No. 43, just above the 1690 level, was being worked by Jack Billy and Orest Perchaluk. Alvin Fraser was busy oiling a loader here and Andy Dojcak passed us on the way to another fan inspection job.

At the 1690 Station we watched Ken Ferguson and Fletcher Watkins tie up half a dozen



Jack Billy Sr. the day before he was pensioned off, and Tony Skwark who replaced him at Schist Lake.

sticks of powder in readiness to blast down a hung up raise in 41 Scram. Bryant McFarlane, on summer Student Employment, was testing out different carbide-tipped steel here.

We stopped off on the way to the Surface at the 1170 Shop, where we saw Jim Lambkin, Alex Imrie, Mickey Genyk, Maurice Sawicki, Paul Madarash and Allan Nelson at work repairing or fabricating different pieces of equipment.

An enjoyable retirement party was given Fred Billy, Sr., by the Schist Lake crew on April 27th at the Willowpark Clubrooms. He didn't quite work here long enough to receive his 25 year watch, so they presented him with one, plus a sum of money, table lighter, etc. A party for Steve Smida was also held by the Mechanical gang on May 3rd and if you'll look, you'll find a picture of George Newton casting a critical eye before retiring April 30. Good luck! Take it easy boys.

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.

Relaxation by Mine Rescue teams and friends.



COMMUNITY CLUB

J. PELLETIER

IT'S a sure sign of summer when a group of men give up a nice evening to organize Minor League Baseball for our young people. No less than 16 men attended, and elected an executive, set up a playing schedule and dealt with problems such as umpires and time allotted for games. We wish to say a big thank you, and hope all the players will co-operate with their managers and coaches.

We were treated to two lovely surprises this past season and certainly want to go on record congratulating our Juvenile Bombers for winning the Manitoba championship. We are also the unofficial Prairie champions.

Also we want to thank all the older boys for putting up such a good hockey spectacle in aid of your club's youth activities.

We get a real glow from the fact that the older boys have not forgotten the opportunity they had in their day, and are willing to give time and effort to help the young fry.

For many years now, our Glee Club has presented, at least once a year, high-grade entertainment, which has always been a source of pleasure to old and young alike. Their latest production in May was the very popular musical "The Music Man." In our next issue we expect to publish pictures which will depict certain scenes in the show. At this moment, however, we extend our heartiest congratulations for a wonderful presentation which was enthusiastically received. There was an enormous amount of work involved. For months the cast was in rehearsal, and behind the scenes were the unseen workers so necessary to make the show a success.

Our recreational program for the summer is now in full swing; it is better and bigger than ever. We are hoping to see more participation in track and field sports and swimming classes as we feel sure that all these fine exercises help to make for a more healthful and happier life. So let's see the fullest use made of this aspect of our program.

You will recall last summer a new Soccer League was formed in this north country. Well, this year, we are pleased to say, the club has become affiliated and is now our newest branch club. We feel sure that this sport will catch on, as it has in other places. It will be a surprise to our boys, we are sure, to realize that this game is 90 minutes and no substitutes. It is recognized as one of the best pastimes to keep one in tip-top shape. It requires skill and stamina, and is one of the finest team games to watch or play. We will be happy to see the game take hold with local fans as we consider it as good as hockey to watch.

REAL WAGES

People don't work to get money—they work for what money will buy. They work for a higher standard of living . . . that is, for more meat on the table and better cuts, for more orange juice, better clothes, a better house, a bigger car, more life insurance, better plumbing, for the right to give bigger tips if they feel like it.

You could double the money wages people get, but if these workmen produced no more, the cost of what they make and therefore their prices would ultimately double, and so even with twice the money, the workmen could buy no more steak, no bigger car, no better plumbing.

If prices do down, the workmen could buy more steak, bigger cars, better plumbing. And prices will go down if the workmen produce more efficiently. That reduces cost, and prices follow.

So, in the final result, it is the workmen who determine (by how well they produce) how much of everything they can buy. That's what is meant by real wages. They are the only kind of wages that matter to the man who gets them. And he is the man who determines them.

High heels were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead.

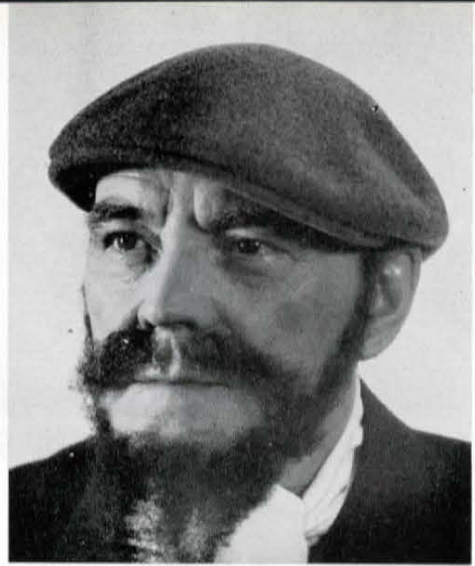
* * *

"Doctor, my wife has lost her voice. What can I do about it?"

"Try coming home late some night."



"MARY"

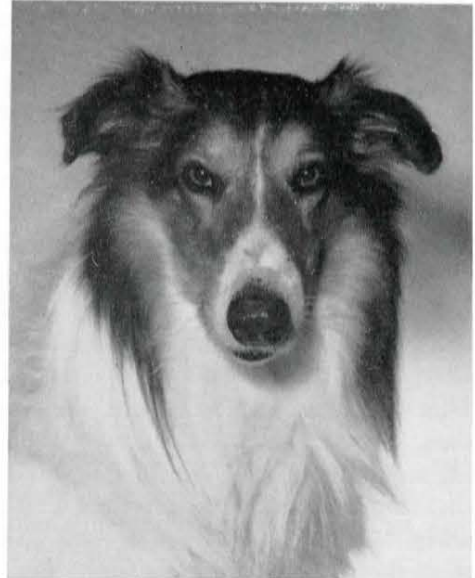


"BEATNIK" Glen Campbell

CAMERA CLUB SPRING EXHIBITION

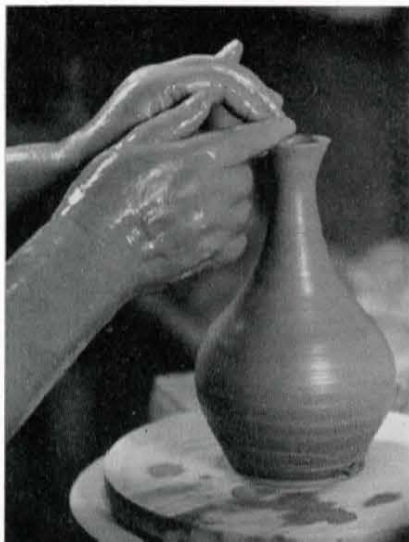


"GYPSY" Glen Campbell



"CAESAR" Steventon

"HANDS" Glen Campbell



"WINTER WONDERLAND" Steventon





Ben Foord, blacksmith.



Don Pernicelli and Mike Pawluk, steel sharpeners.



Mike Golinski, Pernicelli and Murray Milne.

SNOW LAKE

RUSS YOUNG

WE took a run around the Machine Shop to see who was working there and what they were doing. First of all we met Martin McLaughlin who was repairing a Mancha locomotive that was in from Chisel Lake for overhaul. Byron Sheppard was hard at work on the lathe. Looked like he was reshaping an axle for the locomotive. Then we saw Gib Sandgren unloading equipment from Stall Lake to be repaired. Mike Zolinski was tapering drill steel on the taper grinder. Then we watched Don Pernicelli and Mike Pawluk re-sharpening drill bits for the mines. All this time we noticed Lloyd Crockett, the shop foreman, was here and there and everywhere keeping an eye on things. One thing we noticed was that Lloyd managed to keep out of the way when we flashed a camera around. Then we went down to the forge to watch Ben Foord bend rails for grizzly bars. It's quite fascinating to see the way steel can be reshaped to pretty near any form. Ben is a busy fella these days as are all the shop crew. Steve Parcey is back in the shop after a short stay at Stall Lake. We then moved over to watch Morrel



Byron Sheppard turning locomotive axle.

Ramstead at the arc welding table. Fortunately there was an extra helmet to watch this. Murray Milne was busy welding something together with an acetylene torch. We visited Evan Baillie at the drill repair section of the shop. Evan was working on a stoper at the time. As we headed back to the warehouse we saw Jack Forsyth at the wicket getting some pipe fittings from Al Lindgren. Sam Horkoff was working on the ledgers in the warehouse.

Around the town the usual spring clean-up is underway. Another housing project will be well started by the time this issue comes out. The Company has contracted another 21 houses for sale to the employees this summer. These will be built on the same site as the ones last year. This brings to 94 the number of houses the Company have built since 1959.

This summer we look forward to a good ball season. We have plenty of young fellas in the mines here to field at least four teams this year. Possibly some sort of league could be formed with the neighbouring towns.

Once again our maternity section. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Stan Wojtak on the birth of a girl Jan. 25th; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Heinz, a girl on Feb. 7th; Mr. and Mrs. Clem Baumgartner, a boy on Feb. 11th; Mr. and Mrs. Bob Saul, a boy March 3rd; Mr. and Mrs. Stan Tomkowicz, a boy March 23rd, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Jennings, a boy April 4th, all born in the local hospital. Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Fedirko, a boy, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Simpson, a girl, both born in the Flin Flon General Hospital.

Possibly the time has come for one of our fine organizations to sponsor a contest for the best kept yards and flowers as well as vegetable gardens.



Three of our best mill men retired May 1st. With Wilf Burrows on left and Supt. Del Davis at right are, Stan Foulston, Bill Winterton and George Lockhart.



Some old mill pensioners were on hand including Bill Kettner, Buck Hay, Ad. Laviole, Joe McCormick, Gene Germaine, George Wyatt.

MILL

JOE FIGURA

SUMMER, fun time, holidays, here at last but one more thought to the winter just past.

It's a little late to mention curling but the events took place too late to be included in the Spring issue, so we'll catch up on them now.

The Mill Dept. sent forth the Howat, Brown, Quinn and Andrusiak rinks in a bid for the Dept. 60 Shield. Things were going fine, they trounced the Zinc Plant, downed the Smelter, and were about to take the Main Office when by some unfortunate stroke of fate — they lost.

The Green Trophy — the Mill nearly got that too. The Quinn rink with D. Rose, B. Pelletier and J. Gurba took the Zinc Plant and the Electrical Dept. While playing the Mine they were tied up coming home, when "Lady Luck" switched sides and favored the Mine.

Better luck to us next year.

Doug MacKenzie, long time Mill employee, passed away very suddenly at work March 4. He came from Biggar, Sask., and was employed with the H.B.M. & S. since 1943. Doug was well liked and is missed by all his friends in the Mill.

Babies, babies, and more babies! In a recent statistical count on births it was noted that births were down this year compared to last. Things would sure change if the Mill boys had

anything to do with it. The Mill stork club welcomes its newest members:

- Mr. and Mrs. M. Fey, girl, February 3.
- Mr. and Mrs. G. Gillis, boy, February 14.
- Mr. and Mrs. G. Hogarth, boy, March 1.
- Mr. and Mrs. D. Rachuk, girl, March 6.
- Mr. and Mrs. N. Marsollier, girl, March 10.
- Mr. and Mrs. T. Baird, girl, March 14.

Johnny Scoretz was seeing dollar signs for about a week last March when he was notified he had a horse in the Irish Sweeps. He missed the big pile but \$1200 is nothing to be sneezed at.

On April 27 a party was held for three of the fellows who retired May 1st. Proceedings were put into gear by M.C., G. Nomeland, who started off with a toast then another and another. That must have been good stuff you had in that glass George!

Del Davis was on hand and gave a run-down on each of the boys and brought out some interesting things about them that not many of us knew.

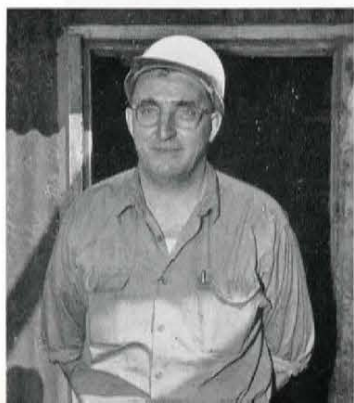
Wilf Burrows then presented each man with a well padded wallet, a scroll with the Mill crew listed on it and a cartoon characterization of each.

Those who retired were Stan Foulston, Bill Winterton and George Lockhart.

Good luck fellows in your new life of leisure.

Now a small tip for motorists. If you are troubled by car sickness in your family on holidays or long trips, attach a piece of chain to the car frame's rear and have it long enough so that one or two links touch the ground. This carries away static electricity which collects in the auto and upsets some people. I've been told this works very well.

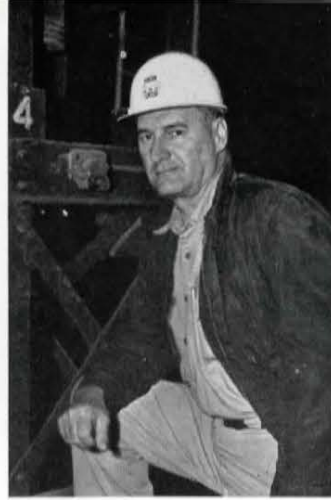
We wish you happy holidays, good fishing, and real summer fun for all. Drive carefully.



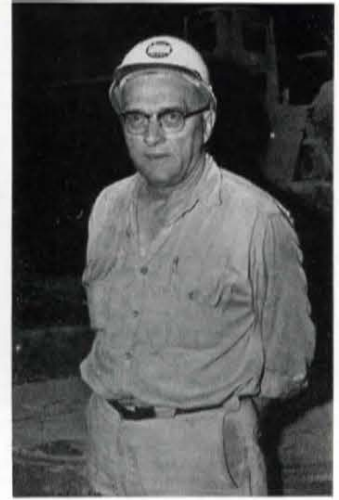
Al Van Doorn has more than thirty-four years service with the Company and has an excellent record.



Bev Baker and Roy Jackson cleaning Shriver presses.



Leaching Plant foreman
W. W. Duncan.



Jack Burling, Leaching Plant
shift boss.

ZINC PLANT

EARL SULLIVAN

ONE sure sign that summer is not very far away is the day a small envelope arrives in the mail with the deadline notice for the Summer Issue of the Northern Lights.

The Zinc Plant Social and Recreation Club held its annual supper and dance on April 27th in the Legion Hall. After a delicious supper, various club members were presented with trophies and prizes that had been won during the previous year. Zinc Plant Superintendent, Bill McFadden, was guest speaker. Mr. McFadden congratulated the Club on its many activities throughout the year.

Ray Gibney presented the Gibney Trophy to John Nawrocki, captain of the Tankhouse ball club.

Fub Krezeski made the presentation of trophies to the fishermen in the Club. Among other remarks Fub expressed regret that the trophy for the 1961 season had been delayed until this late date. The 1961 trophy went to Vern Mayner for the largest fish — a northern pike weighing 14 lbs., 3 oz. The 1961 prize for the largest Pickerel went to Steve Sedlacek. His fish weighed 7 lbs. 4 oz. Norm Olson received the 1962 trophy for the largest fish — a Northern Pike weighing 12 lbs., 12 oz. George Roberts won the largest Pickerel award for 1962. His fish weighed 3 lbs., 8 oz. All winners received a rod and reel. Honorable Mention went to Don Fox who caught a Perch that weighed in at 20 ounces.

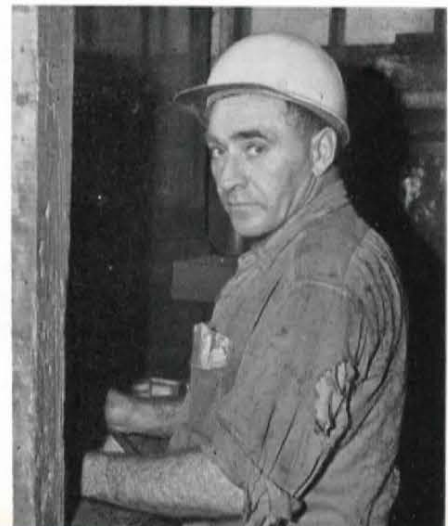
Wayne Soltys was a guest of the Club in appreciation of his efforts in the Walkathon.

Claire Young decided that spring in California is better than spring in Flin Flon and, on April 12, boarded a plane for Los Angeles to visit friends and relatives South of the border. Providing a talent scout for Hollywood or television doesn't change her mind, Claire will be back to work in the Zinc Plant office, saving her money for a trip to Hawaii next year.

In March, Eunice Nelson took a quick trip to Toronto as chaperone to Miss Trudy Teis, Flin Flon's entry to the Outdoor Girl of Canada Contest at the famous Toronto Sportsmen's Show.

Wayne Soltys was one of the contestants in the Walkathon to help raise money for the Crippled Children's Fund. A large number of the Zinc Plant employees gave one cent for every mile Wayne walked and, when the race was over, Wayne had covered 59 miles and was one of three who arrived at the finish line in a dead heat for first place. Congratulations to Wayne and our employees who helped the fund for crippled children.

Press operator V. Fisher.





W. Neufeld, purification operator.

Word from the S & R executive is that the golf course will see plenty of Zinc Plant men chasing the little white ball around the grass this year. The club has purchased three new golf carts, two new club bags and one set of new clubs. According to reports, George (Hit-Em-a-Mile) Bradbury is turning down offers to turn Pro and travel the Tournament Trail.

Zinc Plant skeet enthusiasts are ready for any challenges that other departments might dare to submit. The department "30" Skeet Challenge Shield has never decorated the wall of a foreign department; the Zinc Plant boys are looking forward to a lot of competition for their shield this year.

Congratulations to Carl Axelson who has joined the ranks of married men. The last time Carl made our headlines he was LOST for almost a week in the bush behind Lake Athapap.

Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. Gerry Lemcke who have a new daughter. Gerry tells me she is going to be a very pretty nurse.

Bob Dowding will be spending part of his

summer aboard H.M.C.S. Quadra at Comox, B.C. Bob will be with the Sea Cadets from Flin Flon who will be taking part in their annual training program under Navy conditions.

George Struch and Vern Mohr will spend part of their summer helping the Scout movement. Vern will be at Cub Camp and George is taking an advanced leader's course.

I was going to mention the Department "60" Shield, but I'm sure no one is interested in curling on a fine day like today (Electricians please note).

Happy Vacations to ALL.

Oliver was careless about his personal effects. When his mother saw clothing scattered about on the chair and floor, she inquired: "Who didn't hang up his clothes when he went to bed?"

A muffled voice from under the covers murmured: "Adam."

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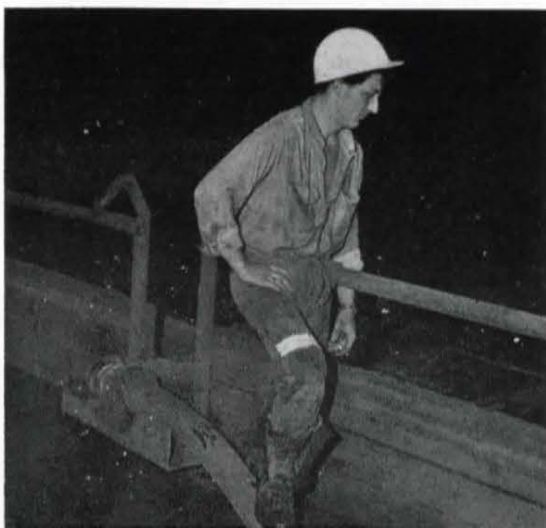
A man rushed into a bar and asked the bartender, who was removing the dew from the bar, if he knew of anything that would stop hiccoughs. His answer was a slap across the face with the wet towel. Surprised and furious, the stranger demanded the reason for such action. With a placating grin the bartender replied, "Well, you haven't any hiccoughs now, have you?"

"Never did have," was the indignant answer. "I wanted something for my wife. She's out there in the car."

Mike Kish at Moore filter.



Tom Pockett stripping cadmium.





Smelter coal bins.

SMELTER

BILL FLETCHER

SHUT down has once more come and gone. This is always followed by the summer season, the time for vacations and all sorts of activities such as camping, boating, fishing, swimming, golfing and so on.

We extend a hearty welcome to all of our new employees, Sid Smoliga, Jim Szocs, and Gerry Pelletier and to all the students that have joined forces with us.

Karlman Kiss transferred to the Mine Dept., Larry Hornung transferred to Surface Dept., Torgy Kjuul left us to return to Norway, Wally Altman is going into the Motel business, Terry Kennedy went to Ottawa to work with the meteorologists and Gordon McEachern went back to school; our best to all of you in your new pursuits.

The Smelter was represented in the Winnipeg Bonspiel by a rink comprised of Wayne Buckland, Bert Figas, Wally Altman and Mike Nielson. Clark Hume and Ed. Longmore were

with two other rinks. Better luck next year men.

Quite a few of our number have had bouts with the flu since the new year.

Harold Morris, Bert Young, Steve Woroniuk and Lyle Munro have all been welcomed back to work after having undergone surgery.

Bob Blake and Nick Petrychko are back to work after injuries they received while at work.

Dan Logan had the misfortune to cut his eye when he broke his glasses while curling. He was off work for about 2 weeks.

We in the Smelter did not set any records of any kind last winter but let us see what we can do about some for the summer season.

There is a great similarity between girls and cars—a good paint job conceals the years, but the lines tell the story.

* * *

“My wife says if I don’t give up curling, she’ll leave me.”

“I say, that’s hard luck.”

“Yes, I’ll miss her.”



Our very best wishes to Lila Stevens who retired on May 1st after many years of service.



Joe Putney presents the Putney Curling trophy to the Nowasad rink. L to R: Helen Crone, Arnold Nowosad, Joe Putney, Bernie Kryswaty, Marge Perkins.

WAREHOUSE

INA MCLEOD

ALTHOUGH curling is in the past, I feel I should mention the Warehouse Bonspiel in passing — it took place on Saturday, March 9th, in the Uptown Curling Rink. The winners of the Main and Consolation Events were Arnold Nowosad, skip, with Helen Crone, third, Bernie Kryswaty, second, and Margaret Perkins, lead, winning the main event while Lyle Willey, skip, with Norman Fox, third, Ina McLeod second, and Eileen Cunningham, lead, won the Consolation event. After the curling, everyone enjoyed a wonderful turkey dinner in the Elk's Hall — it was nice to have Ozzie Perkin's mother with us and have her pay for us all.

It was good to have a visit from Harry Bailey who now makes his home in Lethbridge, Alberta — he and Lou spent a few days in Flin Flon and at Island Falls.

On April 22nd, Marilyn Karchie joined the

Warehouse Staff and we all say "welcome Marilyn and hope you will be happy with us."

Lyle Willey and family took a motor trip to Kimberley, B.C. and also visited in Saskatoon.

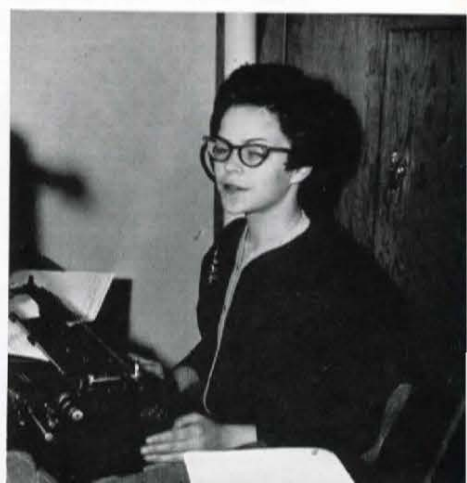
Lila Stevens retired on the 30th of April and there was a small gathering of staff and friends held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Putney in her honour. Lila was born in High Bluff, Manitoba and attended school there — she took her business training in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Returning to Manitoba, she started work with Link Manufacturing Company in Portage la Prairie. On December 19th, 1928, she joined the staff of H.B.M. & S. Co. in The Pas and on August 15th, 1929, transferred to Flin Flon office. After Lila was married in the fall of 1937 she was back with the Company several times until 1948 when she remained with them until her retirement. We wish Lila a very happy time when she retires.

We were all sorry to hear that Carl Nielson's father passed away in Denmark. Carl has just returned from Denmark where he attended the funeral of his father.

Warehouse staff party at whing-ding held in Elks' Hall.



A welcome to Marilyn Joyce Karchie who joined us in April



Mechanical And Construction

BERT IMRIE

On the 30th of April five employees from this department retired from the Company on pension. Retiring were Nathaniel A. Lowe, timekeeper, George Eric Barker, boiler shop foreman, Frank Doran, pumpman at Cliff Lake, John Kuhny, machinist and Frank Vandebosch, carpenter.

Nathaniel "Nat" Lowe was born in Athlone, Ireland in 1898 and came to Canada while quite young. He returned to the Old Country as a Canadian soldier during World War I and after his discharge settled in southern Manitoba. On April 24th, 1937 he was employed by the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company as a night watchman. On October 1st, 1937 Nat transferred to the Zinc Plant and from there, on April 1st, 1939 he transferred to the Machine Shop where he served as Time Clerk up to the time of his retirement.

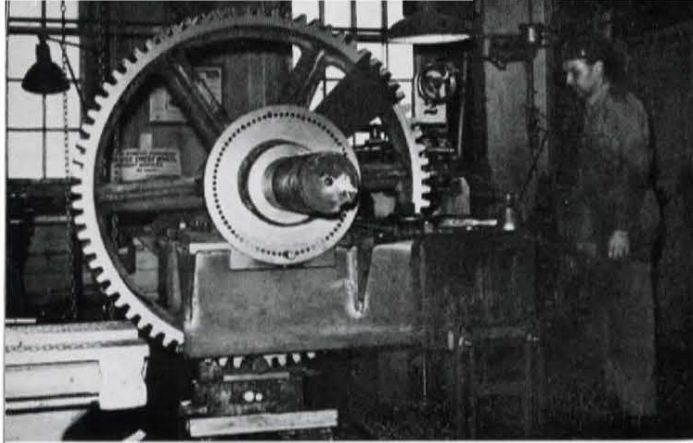
George Eric Barker was born in Bletsley, Bucks, England, on December 31st, 1897. George worked in the Transcona Shops in Winnipeg for several years before coming to Flin Flon where he entered the employ of the Company on July 20th, 1934, as a boiler-maker. On February 16th, 1947, George was made Plant Boilermaker Foreman and held that position until the time of his retirement. George also served overseas during World War I.

Frank Doran was born in Campbellton, N.B. on November 6th, 1897. Frank joined the Canadian Army in 1915 and after his discharge in 1919 he worked at several jobs before going into the trucking business for himself. Frank was employed by the Company on March 9th, 1931 and worked as Ball Plant foreman until that plant was closed up. Frank then worked with the pipefitters and on May 1st, 1946 was made pumpman at Cliff Lake. Frank continued as pumpman from that time until the day of his retirement.

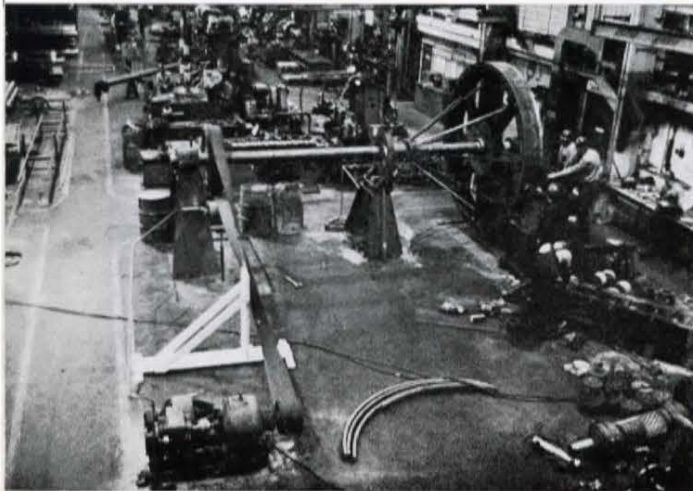
John Kuhny was born in Kaisersdorf, Austria on January 18th, 1898, coming to Canada in 1926. John worked for Dominion Bridge in Winnipeg for eight years before coming to Flin Flon and entering the employ of the Company

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John Kuhny, George Barker, Supt. Steventon at right. Piper Wayne Huffman plays the lament for our five retirees.



A big job. Mike Sikich cutting teeth in a large gear on the shaper.



The shop is often required to set up for an extraordinary job. Here the boys are turning a riding ring for one of our large dryers.



Their last shift has ended, with gifts and goodbyes. Frank Doran, Nat Lowe, Frank Vandebosch,



on July 28th, 1937 as a machinist. John has worked for so long in the machine shop that he has almost become a permanent fixture and will be missed by the boys.

Frank X. Vandenbosch was born in Louvain, Belgium on February 9th, 1898 and came to Canada as a young man. He returned to the old country as a machine gunner with the 16th Canadian Scottish in World War I and returned to this country as a Sergeant with the Military Medal and two bars to his credit. Frank joined the Company on February 26th, 1942 as a carpenter and has served in that capacity until the time of his retirement.

We do not know the future plans of any of these boys (?) but wherever they go or whatever they do we wish them many long happy years of retirement.

Due to the above retirements several changes have occurred in the shop and we offer our congratulations to the following Harold Lindsay as Boilershop foreman, James Hewitt as boilershop sub-foreman, Glen Bowler as Time Clerk, Les Foster as Pumpman at Cliff Lake, and Fred Pope will become Machine Shop sub-foreman. We welcome these men to their new positions and let us all give them the co-operation that they deserve.

It is with pride we hear that Cyril Steventon has had one of his photographs accepted and hung in the International Salon Exhibition at Winnipeg.

You will never profit by your mistakes as long as you blame others for them.

* * *

A sailor and his girl were out driving. They came to a quiet spot on the country lane and the car stopped.

Sailor: "Out of gas."

The girl opened her purse and pulled out a flask.

Sailor: "Wow! What is it?"

Girl: "Gasoline!"

* * *

"Oh, Mother, may I take a swim?"

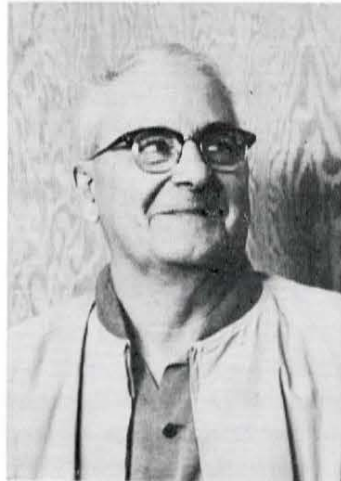
"Why not, my darling daughter.

You're so near naked anyhow

You're safer in the water."



Nat Lowe—26 years service—
Machine Shop clerk.



George Barker—29 years service—
Boilermaker foreman.



John Kuhny—26 years service—
machinist.



Frank Vandenbosch—
21 years service—carpenter.



Frank Doran—
32 years service—pipefitter.



Principal figures at Social Club retirement party.



Pat O'Kane and Jim Apln talk over old times with Supt. Hammerstad.

Electrical Department

J. WARDLE

THE pictures you see in this edition were taken at the Electrical Social Club's Retirement Party for Pat O'Kane and Jim Aplin. President, Howard Henry, presided in his usual happy manner and Howard and his executive can be proud of the excellent arrangements. A great time was had by all. The entertainment was most enjoyable as Vern Storey made his debut and proved to be a very capable singer. Allison Little with her fine choice of songs, dedicated to Jim and Patty, scored still another success.

Henry Budlong who was called upon to make the presentation on behalf of the club handled the chore in real Bob Hope style. Not to be left out of the ceremonies, the wives were looked after as well. Evelyn and Mary both

were adorned with lovely corsages, courtesy of the Social Club.

Pat and Jim have planned a wonderful holiday when they can forget about the whistle. Packing up with their respective spouses, they both will take various routes to the old country. Good luck to you both and may health and happiness follow you wherever you go.

The lads these days are mostly spending their weekends at their cabins or using their spare time in the garden or polishing up the golf clubs. Department golfers are looking forward to getting back the Golf Challenge Shield to hang beside the Dept. 60 Curling shield that once again rests all summer in the Shop Office.

A Chicago gangster took into his head to send his son to school.

They arrived in the principal's study.

"What you got?" said the father.

"Sir, we offer arithmetic, trigonometry, spelling, etc."

"Waal, give 'im triggernometry. He's de woist shot in the family."

* * *

Ted: "How come Sue broke your engagement?"

Ed: "I was trying to be helpful when I told her she had wrinkles in her hose."

Ted: "What happened?"

Ed: "She wasn't wearing any!"

* * *

"That girl frankly admits she is looking for a husband."

"So am I."

"I thought you had one."

"So I have, and I spend most of my time looking for him."



Jim also receives service record. Congratulations for Paddy too.



Shorty Ronson and Ron Huyton.



John Lengyel and bride Jo-Ann Sonnichsen.

POWERHOUSE

DAVE LAHONEN

GOLFING has started, but before winter is entirely forgotten we should note that Bud Smith's rink went into the Green Cup with Norm Anderson, Barry Aimoe and John Watson. Don Wright played for the P. H. Club consolation event with Jim Judd, Ed Wolden and John Lengyel. Mr. Adams, Superintendent, presented both his own and the Club trophies, as a pinch hitter. Thanks Jake.

The boys who used to get the ball and bat going at this time of year are now swinging into the more sophisticated game of golf. At one time engineers used to have a horseshoe pitch close by, but Alec Hornyak and others now go out to Phantom Lake and enjoy relatively luxurious surroundings. A big week-

end is coming up for another group at the cabins. Ray Mullaney will miss his neighbor, Frank Gummerson, this week-end who is recovering from surgery.

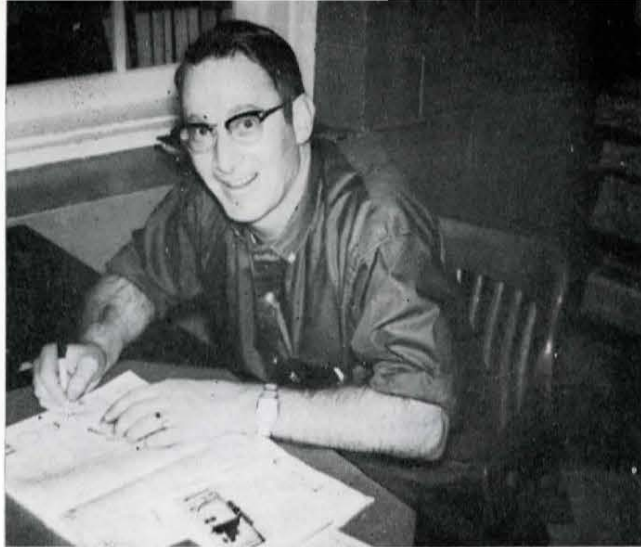
John Lengyel and Jo-Ann Sonnichsen were united in marriage in St. Paul's church at 5 p.m. on February 16th. Father Mulligan officiated. We wish them a long life of happiness. Both John and Jo-Ann were born in Flin Flon and their families are well known here. John was one of the six Engineer Apprentices who graduated in this Department.

We were happy to get this four-generation picture of Mrs. Margaret Judd and her family. We have found this type of picture of great interest in past issues of the magazine. Speaking of this, people are missing something, who haven't taken the time when given the opportunity, to browse through the magazine from date of its first issue.



Ray Mullaney and Forbes Duncan have the old '981' down for repair.

Four generations. Jim Judd with daughter Mrs. Clarence Kitson and son Kelly, and Mrs. Margaret Judd.



Gerry Thomas, accountant.



Fred Bowman with his Island Falls cubs.

ISLAND FALLS

W. SOUTHWORTH

ALWAYS pleased to have some new arrivals to introduce to our readers. We broke even this issue, one boy and one girl. David George arrived at the Gerry Thomas home January 30th and stepped onto the scales at 8 lbs. 14 oz. — now there's a real northerner for you! Of course our young ladies are not so big and tough as our new boys. We think such words as petite and chic more aptly apply. Such a young lady is Lori Lee Henry who arrived to bless the Ches. Henry home on March 25.

Over the weekend of March 23 and 24 we were honored by a visit from a group of scouting officials from Flin Flon and Winnipeg. Included in the group were Bob Dadson, John Hattie, Don Johnson and Norm Murphy from Flin Flon and Dick Yates, field commissioner from Winnipeg. The weekend activities with

this group proved most interesting and informative. We hope it develops into an annual event. Our scouts and cubs were thrilled that we were able to collect over 900 lbs. of books to contribute to the Flin Flon Scout book sale. I hope we haven't left you with the impression that our boys are the only go-getters we have around here. Oh no! Not by any means. Towards the end of March our guide leaders, Ruth Bunn, Wilda Boyes, Isabel Hill and Charlotte Willey along with half a dozen or so guides journeyed to Flin Flon to join in the festivities honoring Miss Henrietta Osler, Chief Guide Commissioner for Canada. One of our girls, Lynn McMurdo, had the honor of receiving her all round cord from Miss Osler. The group brought back many happy memories of this occasion.

The winter freight brought in a couple of snappy aluminum boats for Sandy Bay. Ovide Bear and Philip Moran, jr., are the proud

Scoutmaster Pelly Hagberg and his troupe.

Pleasant get-together for Harry and Lou Bailey.





The Paul Dubeski family.

owners of these handsome hulks. A number of our boys built some smart crafts in the hobby shop during the winter. Gordon Dash, Charlie Salt and Wally Ariko each built a canoe. Bill Hammond and Fred Bowman put together a couple of fishing dinghies and Roger Hagberg came up with a real smart 14 ft. run-about with speedy lines. Otta Christensen has something underconstruction. We're not sure what it is. It has large floats and an airplane motor and propeller and is beginning to look quite imposing — wonder if it's a hover craft? We'll just have to wait and see and let you know later.

During Lent fish prices were quite good. Fresh pickerel were bringing 40c per lb. F.O.B. —The Pas. During a three week period one of our local fishermen was able to ship out 6,000 pounds of fresh pickerel at 40c a lb. Too bad we don't have more true fish stories like this one.

Jeanine Pelletier, stenographer.



Community Club Gordon Dash is a keen gardener.

Looks like a great year for the golfers. The course came through the winter in excellent shape — no mouse damage at all this past winter. If the black flies and mosquitoes aren't too hungry we should have a good go.

“Children,” said the teacher, “I want you to write about King Alfred, but don't waste time writing about the burning of the cakes.” One of the essays read: “King Alfred went and knocked on the door of a lonely cottage in a forest and was admitted by a farmer's wife. What happened after that I'm not allowed to say.”

* * *

Tramp: “Has the doctor any old pants he could let me have?”

Lady: “No, they wouldn't fit you.”

Tramp: “Are you sure?”

Lady: “Quite sure. I'm the doctor.”

Flora Noteweyses, stenographer.





Jim Foley adds reagents to crucible before firing.



Doug Ross pours molten samples into moulds.

RESEARCH

S. MATTHEWS

THE Spring is making itself apparent up here north of '54 and now the sailor, the golfer, the bird-watcher, and the baseball and soccer fans are all turning restlessly toward the sun and out-door activities.

One sign of the times is the return of the students for summer work. In this Department we expect to see Allan Budlong and Bob Forsyth in the lab., David Goldman and Gilles Desroches in the Mill while Ken Tusz and Dale McFadden will go to the Smelter. These young fellows usually make their presence felt and help to keep things humming.

Our librarian, Lynda Benson, is studying her Driver's Handbook very hard these days and we shall no doubt see her burning up the highway pretty soon.

This Department's Tame Maestro, Jim Goodman, is going around with a martial step and a preoccupied air due, no doubt, to the strain of whipping together "The Music Man" which will have been presented before this issue is in print. Ed Pegg, Keith Callander, and Dave Rose are also taking part in this production, together with Wes Vickery and Sam Donoghue, who are members of the orchestra.

At this writing Frank Schneider is in the hospital and we all wish him a speedy recovery.

One last fling of winter sport was the Dept. '60' Challenge Shield competition; this was the

cause of many 'poetic' challenges being thrown out. The Research Department won the shield from the Main Office, (revenge for last year!) defended successfully against the Machine Shop, and lost the trophy to the Electrical Department, which about wound up the curling for the season and also winds up this part of the report.

To continue with a talk about the work of the Assay Section, after the sample has been prepared by the Bucking Room gang, it is taken in hand by the assayers. We will follow these samples to the Fire Room where the gold and silver assays are "run", as the word is in this business.

Fire assaying is of ancient origin and the method in all essentials has remained unchanged for centuries.

The sample is weighed on a pulp balance in varying amounts according to the operator's knowledge or estimate of the suitable amount for the sample concerned. The system of weights used is in 'assay-tons' or portions thereof and is so devised that one milligram of gold or silver found in the sample is equal to one ounce of gold or silver per ton of material represented by the sample.

Now the weighed sample is placed in a clay crucible shaped very much like a small flower pot, various substances in powdered form are added, a very important one being lead oxide or "litharge" as it is called.

After being stirred with a spatula to mix the contents intimately, the crucible is placed in the

electric furnace. In a short time the mixture becomes molten and while some elements may be driven off, the gold and silver, in close contact with the lead from the reduced lead oxide, sinks to the bottom. This is in fact the reason for the use of the lead, to serve as a collector as it sinks down through the molten mass carrying the gold and silver with it. When sufficient time has elapsed for the reaction to be completed, the crucible is removed and the contents poured into a mold where the mass hardens rapidly. This is taken out of the mold and now can be seen the conical lead "Button" at the bottom containing the precious metals; the rest of the melt having been formed into a slag. A sharp blow of a hammer serves to separate the unwanted slag from the button, which is then hammered into a cubic shape and is ready for the next operation. (A note by the way, this hammering is done on a bench of heavy steel plate and makes a considerable racket. In fact, one could be excused for thinking that a dozen enthusiastic carpenters were working on the roof!)

The next operation is called 'cupelling'. A cupell is a solid cylinder of porous material about an inch and a half high and an inch in diameter, with a concave depression in the top. Here the lead cube containing the gold and silver is placed and once more goes into the furnace where the lead is melted and is absorbed in the porous cupell, while the gold and silver remain in a brightly shining ball known as a "Dore" bead.

This bead is weighed and recorded, and the silver is removed in a bath of weak nitric acid.

This operation is known as "parting". That which remains is gold, and is dried and weighed. The weight of gold is subtracted from the recorded weight of the Dore bead and this gives the amount of silver present.

Needless to say, the gold balance is extremely sensitive and great care must be taken to ensure accuracy. Some of the portions are almost microscopic in size, which adds to the need for care in handling. It is hoped that this outline will be of interest to many who have not had an opportunity to see this work being done.

The Fire Room gang consists of Hal Roberts, Gordon Donogh, Jim Foley and Doug Ross.

"Worry is like a rocking chair—it keeps you busy but it doesn't get you anywhere."

* * *

"The constable gave you the usual warning, I suppose?" asked the magistrate of the prisoner.

"Yes, sir. He said he'd wring my neck if I didn't come quietly."

* * *

The judge looked at the defendant, "You are charged with forgery, Mr. Hennerschlit; how do you plead?"

"Not guilty, your Honor. You know as well as I do that I can't write my own name."

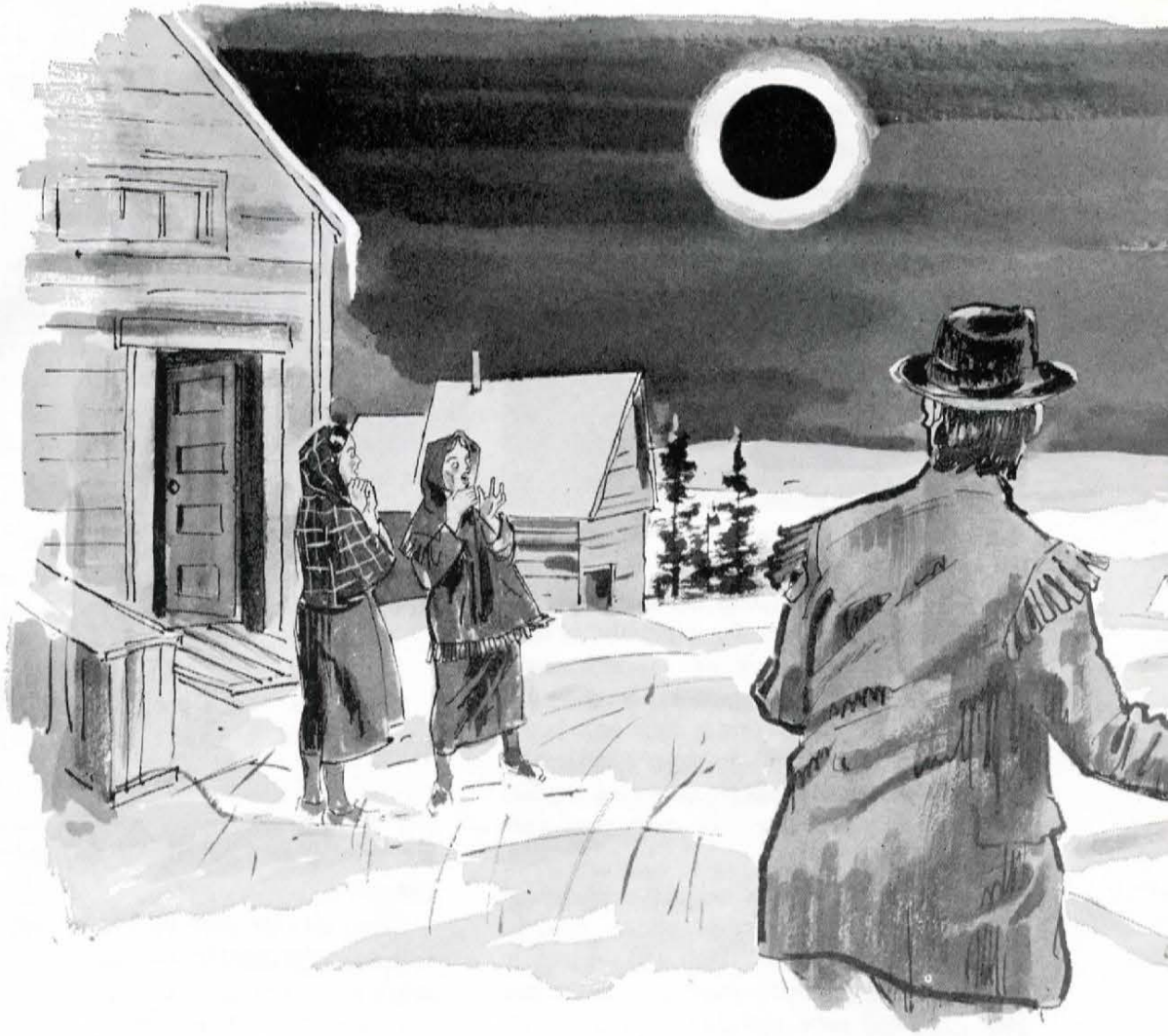
"May I remind you, sir," said the judge, "you are not here for writing your own name."

Gordon Donogh weighing 'dore' beads.



Hal Roberts using the gold balance.





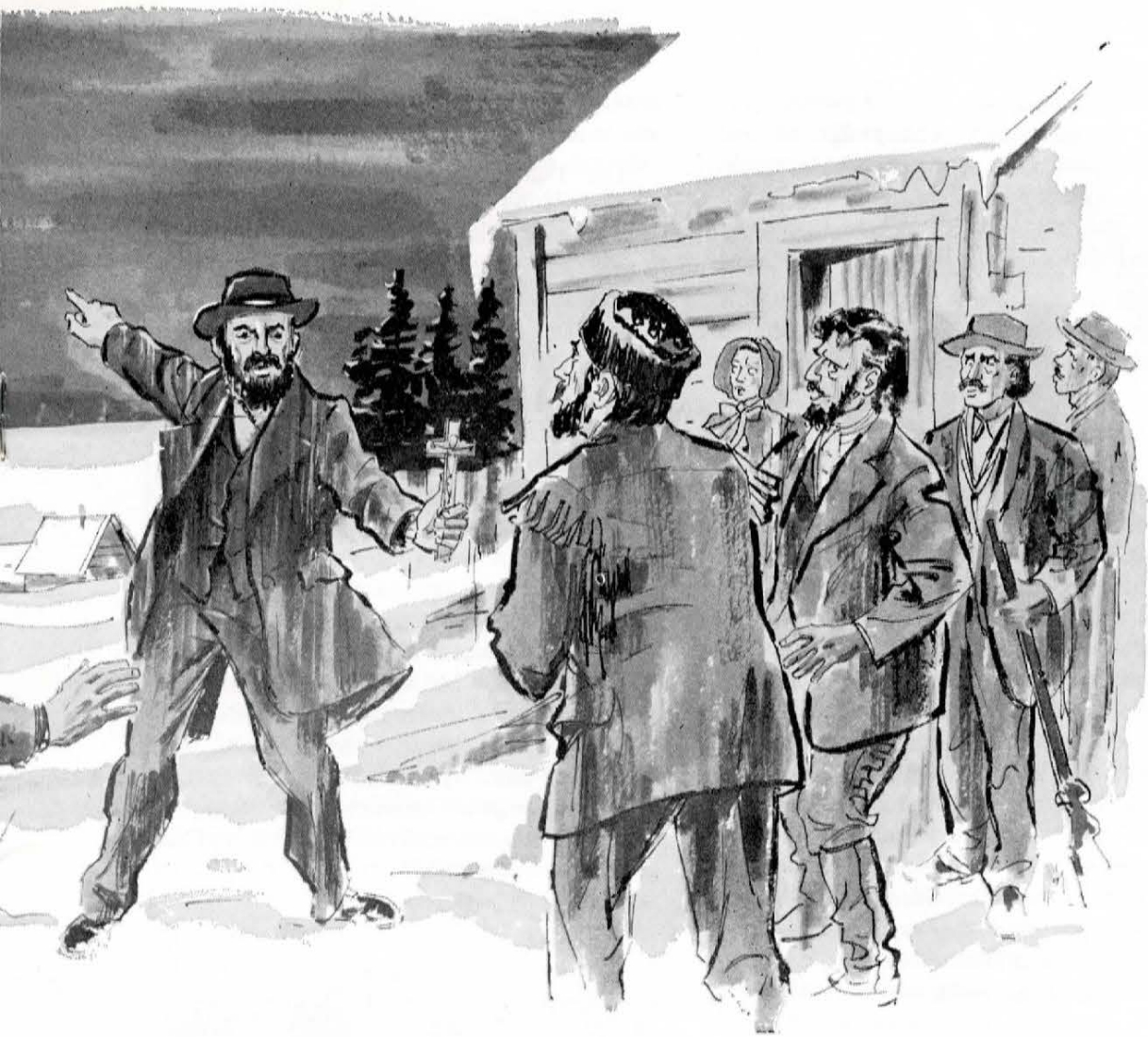
The Mounted Police And

ON March 25, 1885, a small group of refugees consisting of Hillyard Mitchell, the Duck Lake storekeeper, his staff and their families, and a few settlers arrived at Fort Carlton on the Saskatchewan river to escape the imminent danger of attack by Metis and Indians.

Louis Riel had returned from exile in the United States and with Gabriel Dumont, was holding meetings with disheartened halfbreeds and Indians, shouting that they had come to labour for their rights, irrespective of all other

interests, whether Church or State. Riel, however was not unmindful of personal gain. He had already requested Father Andre, the parish priest of Prince Albert to act as an intermediary for the express purpose of securing \$100,000 from the Government of Canada as a suitable price for his return to the United States; later he said he would gladly settle for \$35,000, and finally conceded he would take what he could get. He got nothing. Father Andre turned his back on the indemnity proposal.

Riel was still confident he could get some-



The Battle of Duck Lake

thing to induce him to return to Montana, especially if he could sway large numbers to his leadership. To this end he conceived the idea of playing on the superstitious, claiming personal communion with God. He held council each morning at Batoche. Aware that there was to be an eclipse of the sun, he decided with characteristic deceit to turn the solar phenomenon to his own advantage. He told his gullible audience that if the future movements of the Metis were to be crowned with success, God would draw his hand across the face of the sun

on the morrow. True to the forecasts in the almanacs, the eclipse took place shortly past noon on March 16, 1885.

Commissioner Irvine of the North West Mounted Police telegraphed Ottawa asking for orders to go North at once, and was given orders to start as soon as possible with all available men. Meanwhile Riel, with armed halfbreeds, laid plans to form a 'provisional government'. A board of strategy was appointed, headed by Riel and Charles Nolin, an elderly Metis, Pierre Parenteau was made pre-

sident. Gabriel Dumont was made commander-in-chief. Troop captains were picked to lead the fighting companies. Food supplies were obtained by seizing Walter and Baker's general store on the west side of the Saskatchewan River and that of Kerr Brothers on the east side.

In a boastful mood Riel declared that the Mounted Police would be wiped out of existence!

Commissioner Irvine was advised on the 24th that Major General Middleton was proceeding forthwith to Red River with a company of militia and that he was to take orders from the general when acting in military operations. At this time Superintendent Crozier at Carlton, realizing that his position might prove untenable should an overwhelming force of half-breeds and Indians attack, and influenced by information received from the Duck Lake refugees, decided to despatch a force to Duck Lake to bring back the supplies and ammunitions which the refugees had hidden there before departing. Sergeant Stewart was detailed by Crozier to take 17 constables and eight teams to bring in the hidden supplies from Duck Lake. Tom McKay, just arrived from his conference with Commissioner Irvine at Prince Albert, offered to go along as guide and interpreter.

A few hours later a rider galloped in to say that Stewart had met a body of rebels vastly superior in number under Gabriel Dumont, at a wooded spot about ten miles out on the trail. Information previously brought in had led Crozier to believe that the main body of rebels was located at Batoche on the south side of the river. He was therefore determined that those engaging Stewart and McKay north of Duck Lake would not prevent him from procuring the supplies.

In times of crisis Crozier, an officer of quick decision, to whom danger had always been a keen spur to action, speculated little on the merits of discretion. Often had he proven himself to be a man of unhesitant and dauntless courage, and to allow a comparatively small number of poorly organized and indifferently armed Metis to defy him and prevent the re-

covery of needed commodities at Duck Lake was unthinkable.

The "Fall In" was sounded. A call was sent for volunteers as well. Every available team was ordered to be harnessed. In a few minutes sleighs and jumpers, some 20 in all, were so packed that it was necessary to do some weeding out.

With the 7-pounder muzzle-loading gun recently brought from Battleford, the little army, mounted and in sleighs, moved out on the Duck Lake trail. Soon after, Sergeant Stewart and his party returned. At first they had defied the half-breeds when ordered by Dumont to surrender. But seeing that bloodshed could only be narrowly averted and that the rebels, more of whom appeared suddenly from ambush were obviously too many to be engaged successfully, they had seen the futility of offering opposition. With Dumont making every attempt to force Stewart and McKay to open hostilities, even by firing a shot over their heads, the sergeant ordered a retreat towards Carlton, a ticklish undertaking which was successfully accomplished.



Before proceeding farther, Crozier decided to discuss the situation with the officers of the Prince Albert volunteers, whom he felt deserved every consideration. At the conclusion of the conference it was unanimously contended that a small body of halfbreeds could not be allowed to carry a bluff of the kind, and orders were given to move forward.

Crozier's command consisted of Insp. Joseph Howe, Surgeon R. Miller, 53 non-commissioned officers and men of "D" Division, Joe McKay interpreter of the Carlton detachment, and Captains Moore and Morton of Prince Albert with 41 volunteers including Hillyard Mitchell and the untiring Tom McKay.

The advance guard rode in half sections separated by ample space. About two miles from the trading-store at Duck Lake, a half-breed was seen to cross the road; others appeared at the edge of the woods on either side. The leading half section raised rifles horizontally high overhead, a warning to those coming behind, meaning "enemy in sight". A halt was ordered, and the advance guard drew back. Turning to Joe McKay, Superintendent Crozier said: "Go out and talk to them; find out, if you can, what they want."

Barely had McKay started when he thought it prudent to turn back. A large number of rebels had emerged to block his way, as well as to branch to the right and left of the trail. Noting the manoeuvre and sensing an attack, Crozier arranged his force. He placed his sleighs in line on the left, at right angles to the trail, to form a breastwork. The Prince Albert men were deployed on the right. The horses were unhitched and led to the rear, and the 7-pounder was stationed in the centre.

A number of Dumont's men raced towards an empty log building 200 yards back from the trail on the right.

With his customary lack of hesitation, Crozier struck out, taking Sgt. "Billy" Brooks and the interpreter with him. At a point where a fence led from the trail to the log building, to which several halfbreed sleighs loaded with men were now hurrying, the three halted. The interpreter was ordered to shout in Cree to them to go back, but this had no effect. A

short distance away, a single halfbreed, Jean Baptiste Parenteau, stood on observation against the fence as if to signal his compatriots.

A few minutes later Brooks was ordered to fall back to the command to tell them to be ready for action; then taking the interpreter with him, Crozier gave his attention to a group of halfbreeds whose heads appeared along the edge of a hollow on the left. Hoping to parley with them and persuade them to abandon their threatening tactics, the two waded forward through the deep snow, but the venture proved hopeless, as a creeping movement among the rebels was detected on both flanks. Here also, no attention was given Joe McKay's loud-voiced summons to desist.

Suddenly two Indians left the hollow, walked out in the open and approached the superintendent. One named Assee-wee-yin (Crow Fat), who carried a white rag on a stick above his head, began an incoherent conversation in Cree which McKay could not understand. The other joined in with meaningless chatter, and it was then seen that they were merely sparring for time to enable the rebels to accomplish the encirclement of Crozier's command.

Convinced that negotiations were impossible, the superintendent turned to retrace his steps, but was seized round the shoulders by Assee-wee-yin. He broke away and strode towards his men — strung out behind the sleighs.

Assee-wee-yin confronted McKay. Several shots rang out from the rebel line.

McKay attempted to strike the persistent Indian across the head with his carbine, and the two wrestled for possession of the weapon. The other Indian drew back, dropped on his knee, and raised his gun. McKay caught hold of Assee-wee-yin and swung him in between for protection.

Giving a signal, Crozier shouted to his command to fire!

Shooting became general. Blood trickled down the superintendent's cheek — one of the first rebel shots had grazed him.

Joe McKay drew his revolver and pressed the trigger. Assee-wee-yin crumpled in the snow mortally stricken. Another shot, and the second Indian dropped and lay still, moment-



arily feigning death, but he soon raced for the hollow. The interpreter had missed him. Parenteaus had remained on the lookout beside the fence. A bullet from McKay's carbine caught him in the midriff, and he too sank down.

To the disadvantage of Crozier's command, Gabriel Dumont had chosen his own ground on Beady's reserve. From the cover of a wooded ridge on the east, and from the empty log building among the trees on the west, the Métis poured a galling fire. The superintendent was aware that to plunge his men through the deep snow on either flank in an attempt to dislodge them, would result in his almost certain defeat. The Mounted Police, though protected to some extent by the wooden sleighs, faced overwhelming odds, while the Prince Albert volunteers under Capt. John Morton, who were strung along the fence that terminated at the log building, found themselves in a dangerous position.

The little command was grimly determined

as it settled to its task, but from the outset there were signs of a reverse. There was no faltering, despite the fact that less than 100 combatants, police and volunteers, faced from 350 to 400 armed rebels in front and on either flank. Yet it was soon apparent that the full strength of Dumont's fighters had been marshalled to do battle against the Fort Carlton detachment. This doubtless was to be the initial master stroke in the rebel plan. In addition to the Métis generalissimo, Louis Riel was present but well in the background.

Crozier realized from the start that he was ill-positioned and outnumbered, that his men were practically at the mercy of their concealed opponents. Doubtless Dumont was also quick to see that the police officer had been caught unexpectedly in a trap by a force such as he had little anticipated. Under the shelter of the ridge Riel, unarmed but with a crucifix held high, exhorted his inspired plainsmen and Indians. From between the unplastered logs and empty windows of the building command-

ing the volunteers on the right, a number of the best Métis riflemen picked their targets. Dumont could be seen in that quarter, continually shifting position and firing as he urged the turning of Crozier's right. Tom McKay, the Scotch Métis, not forgetting Dumont's threatening attitude that morning, watched for a chance he coveted. But the wily Métis leader was continually on the move, seeming always to escape with the elusive agility of a prairie wolf. His brother, Isadore, was among the first to die on the rebel side.

For a brief space the police from behind the sleighs on the left appeared to gain the upper hand, but the scattered volunteers on the right, while stubbornly defiant, were powerless against the hidden fire poured upon them from the log building and surrounding woods.

At last Tom McKay saw his opportunity as Dumont appeared for a moment on horseback in a feverish attempt to lead the way around the right. Another instant and the Métis general pitched from the saddle. A gaping furrow, it was learned later, lay across his scalp, his face smeared with blood. Word spread through the rebel ranks that their leader was stricken. Savage consternation and shouts of revenge burst forth. Frenzied orders, weird Indian war whoops, rattle of rifle fire and hollow thumping of buffalo guns filled the air.

Still Crozier's right wing held but it was apparent it must soon give way. A number of casualties had weakened its hold.

After half an hour of fighting Crozier saw that if it continued the police would be annihilated. He was convinced that he must either call in his lines and make an almost hopeless stand in the open against a well-concealed foe, or withdraw while the opportunity afforded. His entire command had acted superbly, had shown the rebels that neither Fort Carlton nor Prince Albert could be lightly snatched from their defenders. So far, the casualties had been comparatively few, but it was clear that if the halfbreeds and Indians gained the right rear, unavoidable slaughter and defeat of the police must follow.

For an instant, a lull occurred.

Cpl. Hugh Davidson jumped on one of the

sleighs, waved his hat and called for three cheers. As a rallying cry it had a magical effect, and but for the deep snow a charge would likely have been made. But the hopelessness of his position convinced Crozier that a continuance of the engagement would result in needless killed and wounded—possibly complete disaster in face of superior forces.

The order was given to "hook up".

Sensing the superintendent's purpose, the enemy took fresh courage, delivering a furious fire. More men went down. Five horses lay dead and others were badly wounded. In the deep snow the sleighs could be brought to the trail only with the utmost difficulty; plunging and floundering horses added to the tumult. Three sleighs with some ammunition and other equipment had to be abandoned, as well as the 7-pounder gun which was left where it stood and brought in after. By almost superhuman effort, covered by the rifle fire of the more efficient marksmen, the dead and wounded that could be picked up were placed in sleighs. Several of the volunteers who had fallen near the log building could not be reached without incurring suicidal risks. One of these, Charles Newitt, badly wounded in one leg, awaited his fate beneath the fence. In attempting to defend himself from an Indian who tried to brain him with his own bayonet, he had some fingers crushed. A team and sleigh belonging to the enemy came out to pick up the four dead rebels. On top of these Newitt was placed. Another Indian and two halfbreeds attempted to kill him, but two merciful halfbreeds, Manuel Champagne and Charles Laviolette, protected him as he was driven away towards Duck Lake.

The rebels failed to follow up their advantage. It was said afterwards that they were restrained from causing further bloodshed by Riel, who felt the victory had been complete.

In good order Crozier got under way. The chief difficulty lay on the extreme right where, hard put to extricate themselves, the Prince Albert men could not bring in their dead and wounded companions. Some were dispatched by the rebels where they fell, or while attempting to crawl to safety. The losses—nine volunteers killed, three Mounted Police killed or

dying, five volunteers and seven police wounded, including the superintendent, five dead and several disabled horses, three sleighs, a quantity of equipment and the 7-pounder gun abandoned—proved that too high a value had been placed upon displaying a show of force for the purpose of bringing in the Duck Lake supplies. But Crozier could take some comfort in that he had at least thwarted the Métis plan to besiege the poorly-situated Fort Carlton.

As nearly as could be learned four Métis had forfeited their lives—Isadore Dumont, Rustache Laframboise, Jean Baptiste and Joseph Montour—while Gabriel Dumont, Jean Baptiste Parenteau, Sheesheep Gardapui and one Fidler were wounded. As far as was known, only one Indian had been killed.

Gabriel Dumont raved and ranted upon learning that the victory was not to be followed up. With bandaged head and blood-stained countenance that detracted nothing from the halfbreed heroics of the day, he was escorted by the triumphant rebels to Duck Lake village.

A doleful column of police and volunteers wended its way back to Carlton, but despite the temporary victory that had fallen to the rebels, the engagement was to prove in its effect an actual reverse in the plans of Riel and Dumont.

Though few were aware of it at the time, Superintendent Crozier's determination in attempting to reach Duck Lake, added to Commissioner Irvine's sagacity in by-passing Batoche, had frustrated Dumont's plans. The Métis ambition to cripple Crozier's force, occupy Fort Carlton, then move on to the chief settlement, Prince Albert, with eyes on the supplies obtainable there, was upset by the realization that defensive preparations would be necessary at Batoche to meet an inevitable counterstroke. In fact the Métis reaction assumed the nature of a slump, giving Commissioner Irvine time to prepare for any further offensive by Dumont.

It turned out that the prompt action by the Mounted Police had averted a Métis siege of Carlton, and given Prince Albert, now the Mecca of many alarmed settlers, a reasonable

promise of security. But Louis Riel had become suddenly intoxicated with the belief that he had won a single victory. In his false security he became inordinately occupied with his religious mania, while his field captain Gabriel Dumont nursed an all but fatal wound.

Henceforth an almost pathetic lack of policy or control characterized the activities of the deluded leaders of the rebel cause. Aggression gradually gave way to the forced adoption of defensive tactics. Riders brought word to Batoche from the south that the general in command of the Canadian Militia had hastened westward by Chicago and St. Paul and was organizing a punitive expedition to start out from Qu'Appelle.

In his official report Superintendent Crozier gave without reservation an account of the Duck Lake clash: "When I found that the enemy were more numerous by far than we were, that they were in ambush almost all around me, and had every advantage of ground



and cover on their side, while we had every disadvantage of position to contend against, I deemed it prudent to abandon my attempt to push on to Duck Lake, and to withdraw my force from the action, which was done in perfect order by the men under my command . . . Most of the killed were off to the extreme right in situations most exposed to the rebel fire, and could not have been collected without incurring the gravest risk of putting my entire command into the greatest possible jeopardy . . . Even to have endeavoured to get the bodies from the extreme right would have been, in the situation we were in, impossible . . . I contend that no man desirous of taking action necessary to the performance of his duty could have foreseen or escaped under the circumstances, getting into the affair on the 26th of March, as I did and having got into it, our getting out was most fortunate . . . With our gun in their possession, and flushed with victory, and following it up, Carlton must have fallen, and if Colonel Irvine's party, then coming through a difficult country, had suffered a reverse, it would have exposed the whole of the eastern part of the territory to the rebel attack and occupation . . . I was going out for provisions and ammunition, not expecting or intending to meet the rebels in full force. The force with me was ample for what I intended . . . I thought at the time that the securing of the provisions and ammunition at that stage of the rebellion was a matter of the very greatest importance . . .

"Again, I argued if the Indians were to see that a party of halfbreeds could contemptuously drive back and prevent officers of the government from doing their duty, thus defiantly seizing property with impunity, they, the halfbreeds, would be able to gain the firm allegiance of the wavering Indian tribes . . . Had I known or even suspected that the rebels were in full force, or had I expected that I should be attacked by them as I was, I certainly would not have taken the matter in hand. With the number of available men at my disposal the risk would have been too great—even to secure the great advantage that would in all probability have been a consequence of securing the provisions and ammunition . . .

I admit I was deceived as to their strength . . . One consequence of my action was to force the rebels to give up, for the time, the attack on Fort Carlton, which they had meditated and would otherwise have made on the night of the 26th of March; it prevented the bloodshed which must have occurred there, and by-no-means-impossible disaster to our arms which, owing to the position of the fort, might have occurred . . . It was the rebels who attacked me and began the action. They had their dispositions most skillfully made, and nearly succeeded in cutting off my command."

Superintendent Crozier had at least forced the spreading insurrection back to its starting point.

Heavy snow was falling as the retreat to Fort Carlton began, a circumstance which could well have favoured a follow-up by the Métis and Indians. But aside from a reputed order from Riel to terminate the fight, the insurgents, practically deprived of Dumont's leadership, had probably had their fill of battle for the time being.

Dumont had resorted to the favourite expedient of native warfare—the "Indian surround"—the carefully planned method that had prevailed over regiments of soldiery in the early colonial battles against eastern savages, that had resulted in the utter destruction of Col. George A. Custer's immediate command in that officer's last battle against the Sioux, and had brought defeat to the white man in countless inroads upon the Indians of the trans-Mississippi plains. Thanks to prompt action on the part of the Mounted Police officer, both in forming his line as the first rebels were seen and in withdrawing at the first certain threat of disaster, to say nothing of the marksmanship of Tom McKay in the timely splitting of Dumont's scalp, the "surround" had failed at Duck Lake.

Upon his arrival at Prince Albert two evenings previously, Commissioner Irvine had gained from Tom McKay, fresh from Fort Carlton, a complete outline of the true state of affairs, and interviews with representatives of the townspeople confirmed his belief that Prince Albert, for the present at least, was the outstanding strategic point in the area

concerned in the schemes of Riel and Dumont. As expressed in his telegram of March 22 to Ottawa, on his way from Regina, he expected to reach Fort Carlton by the 25th, but upon the assurance of McKay that all was quiet there, and in view of needed rest for his command, shoeing of horses, inspection of men, arms and equipment, organization of Prince Albert against possible attack, and enrolment of further volunteers and transport, he had decided to tarry briefly. He realized the advisability of having everything in a state of complete efficiency, ready for whatever might happen.

Leaving Inspr. George B. Moffatt and that officer's detachment of 20 non-commissioned officers and men in charge of matters at Prince Albert, the Commissioner was again on the way shortly after 2 o'clock on the morning of March 26—the day of the Duck Lake reverse. To have remained where he was and to have called in Crozier's command would have been to abandon Fort Carlton to the rebels. His force now consisted of 83 Mounted Police and 25 volunteers. Frozen limbs and snow blindness had slightly reduced his strength after leaving Regina a week earlier. He had dispatched word by rider to Crozier, advising him of the exact strength of his command and the time of his intended departure for Carlton. He had accepted additional volunteers for what he considered two most important objects—to defend Prince Albert and be in a position upon arrival at Carlton to increase to a maximum the force available for possible action elsewhere.

He had hoped that by a prompt and decisive stroke he might quash the rebellion before it could develop into more formidable proportions. In fact it was assumed that as soon as the two forces had united, the revolt would collapse. He did not intend the Prince Albert volunteers to remain at Carlton for any extended period, the importance of the main settlement being constantly uppermost in his mind. Before starting for Carlton he made this clearly known to all concerned.

When within nine miles of Carlton, shortly after midday on the 26th, the Commissioner

received the following dispatch by courier from Superintendent Gagnon:

"Superintendent Crozier with 100 men, started out on Duck Lake road to help one of our sergeants and small party in difficulty at Mitchell's store. I have 70 men, and can hold fort against odds. Do not expect Crozier to push on farther than Duck Lake. Everything quiet here."

As the edge of the Saskatchewan valley overlooking the fort was reached, a second dispatch came from Gagnon: "Crozier exchanged shots with rebels at Duck Lake. Six men reported shot. Crozier retreating on Carlton; everything quiet here, but ready for emergency."

Barely half an hour after Crozier's return, Irvine reached Carlton.

Irvine now had 214 officers and men, police and volunteers, exclusive of the wounded. Inspector Howe had a bad flesh wound, but Superintendent Crozier, whose injury was merely facial, insisted that his name should not be included among the casualties, which were 12 who had been killed outright or who had died later, and 11 wounded.

The casualties were as follows:

NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

Killed or died from wounds

Cst. G. P. Arnold
Cst. G. K. Garrett
Cst. W. Gibson

Wounded

Inspr. Joseph Howe
Cpt. Thomas Gilchrist
Sst. S. F. Gordon
Cst. J. J. Wood
Cst. W. A. Manners-Smith
Cst. A. Miller

PRINCE ALBERT VOLUNTEERS

Killed

Capt. John Morton
Cpl. William Napier
Pte. Joseph Anderson
Pte. James Bakie
Pte. S. C. Elliott
Pte. Alexander Fisher

Pte. Robert Middleton
 Pte. Daniel McKenzie
 Pte. Daniel McPhail

Wounded

Capt. H. S. Moore
 Sgt. Alexander McNab
 Pte. Arthur W. R. Markley
 Pte. Charles A. Newitt
 Scout Alexander A. Stewart

Police strength of approximately 200, officially distributed as follows (in round figures):

Prince Albert	20
Fort Carlton	70
Battleford	70
Fort Pitt	20
Fort Saskatchewan	20
<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	200

Distribution Of Police In The North

Every available man was necessary. Up the Saskatchewan to the west Battleford under Inspr. W. S. Morris would likely become a concentration point second only in importance to Prince Albert. Fort Pitt in charge of Inspector Dickens, which lay a considerable distance beyond, would be the centre of a danger zone immediately Big Bear's following received word of Crozier's defeat at Duck Lake. Still farther, Fort Saskatchewan was being put in a state of defence by Inspr. A. H. Griesbach. Serving the entire area represented by these posts, there was a Mounted

Not wishing to leave Fort Carlton entirely unprotected, the Commissioner dispatched a rider with a message to Inspector Morris who had been left in charge of the Battleford detachment by Superintendent Crozier: "I enclose a copy of report from Superintendent Crozier by which you will see our men have had an engagement with the rebels. Send to this place with least possible delay 25 policemen and 25 volunteers. You had better enrol all volunteers you can and replace the police drawn from our post at Battleford by them."

(Continued on page 35)





Mine supervisors taking special safety course.

SAFETY

NICK IANNONE

HOW would you describe "Safety." It is probable that no two people would give the same answer. Although safety is a part of our daily work and admittedly important, most of us have a very indefinite understanding of this term and the principles involved. Let's define what we mean by this word, but to do this, careful examination and discussion of several seemingly unrelated ideas is necessary.

No one can do the simplest work efficiently unless he has first been trained, by himself or others, in the methods required. The more difficult the job the more important this becomes. For example we can be taught to use a pick and shovel in a half day, but it takes much longer than this to learn how to operate a mucking machine or drill press properly, and still longer to train a competent miner or shopman. Thus returning to Safety we can say, that

before any of us can become an expert in the prevention of accidents we must first know the methods and principles which apply to this job. This is not easy. The first step is to define, or describe what we mean by the word "Safety." Just as the shoveller must know what a shovel is; the drill press operator what a drill press is and the miner know what a stope and a raise is, the Safety man must know what Safety is before he can reduce accidents to an acceptable minimum. And this knowledge must be definite. Hazy ideas and generalization will not prevent accidents.

To define "Safety" clearly and show why it is a difficult skill to acquire, we must first have a clear understanding of two words which are not commonly used. These are the words "concrete" and "abstract." For our purpose "concrete" means anything you can get your hands on or see, such as a piece of timber, or a machine. An "abstract" thing is one that you cannot feel or see, you know of its existence

Snow Lake supervisors . . .





Coronation, Schist Lake, and Flin Flon mine supervisors took course.

because of its effect. For example, bravery is abstract. You cannot see it, but you can see or learn of its effects. Honor, fear, carity, are other examples. Now we can use these two words (concrete and abstract) as tools to define what is meant by the word "Safety" and to show why it is difficult to become an expert in this work.

Safety is abstract; that is, you cannot feel it or see it, but you are quickly made aware of its presence. Give the average man a tough concrete problem and he will often easily solve it but if it is an abstract problem, such as safety, he will often fail to get results. Why? Usually because he is unable to discover, or has never been taught, the rules and principles that apply. The first principle of safety is that we must all be completely safety conscious and we can say that safety is a state of mind that must exist in superintendents, bosses, and all other employees before true safety can be obtained. You will notice that "state of mind"

is also an abstract term. It may be defined as a consciousness of an ever present condition.

The particular state of mind which causes men to be constantly aware (conscious) of the possibility of injury (the ever present condition) is "Safety." Thus when all men are conscious of the possibility of injury *at all times* they will be safety conscious and accidents can be cut down to a minimum. So finally we can say that **SAFETY IS THE STATE OF MIND BY WHICH MEN ARE CONSTANTLY MADE AWARE OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF INJURY AT ALL TIMES.**

We would like to thank N. H. George for the above facts which we have transcribed from his safety course "Principles of Safety." This is the course that is presently being taken by all supervisors in our Mines and Surface Plants and we hope that with the knowledge that they will gain by applying these safety principles on the job that accidents can be

(Continued on page 39)

... also took course.





Pay office party at the Lobstick for Anne Warren was a happy one.

MAIN OFFICE

JOHN SPENCER

THE close of a long hard winter in Flin Flon is marked by a short note from the Editor which says, "The deadline for the Summer Issue of the Northern Lights is Friday, April 26th. Therefore in order to meet this deadline and remain in the Editor's good graces this news report, which will be read in the warm summer sunshine, will deal with the events which took place in the late winter and early spring.

Bud Jobin and his wife and daughter Onalee set off on a 5,100 mile jaunt to Vancouver and Victoria travelling one hundred percent of the way over Canadian roads. Among the many former Flin Flonners whom they visited on the way were the Norm Cyr family in Winnipeg, Porky Charbonneau in Regina, the Harry Bailey's in Lethbridge, the Cece Wade's and Mrs. Croft in the Okanagan, Frank and Sybil Burke in Vancouver, the Pat Lamont's and

Mack and Jean Harris in Victoria. Bud made special mention of the excellent roads, the magnificent scenery in the Rogers Pass and the fields of hops in the Kamloops area.

Many people took shorter trips, notably during the Easter holidays. Among those hitting the Springtime trail were Wilma Gallagher who visited her parents in McCreary, Margie Radford who journeyed to Brandon and Winnipeg, Donna Walton to Fargo, Mary Evans to Winnipeg and Doris Esbensen to Preeceville and Yorkton.

Mary Elander drove to Kenville to visit her three nieces. Johnnie and Vera Spencer headed for Winnipeg to see their three granddaughters and Al Mealy's family increased to three daughters when a new 7 lb. 10 oz. baby was born on March 20th. Nine little girls all in one paragraph!

Personnel changes around the Main Office include — new men, nil — new girls, four. The four new girls whom we now officially welcome, are Evelyn Sochan, Emily Jancik, Marilyne Karchie and Sharon Deslauriers.

Marilyne Karchie, unfortunately, didn't stay around the Main Office for long and is now working in the Warehouse. Sally Woods also moved from the Personnel Department and now makes her headquarters in the Machine Shop Office.

Congratulations must be tendered to two April brides. April 6th marked the wedding of Joan Robertson to Ray Haugen and on April 20th Judy O'Neil became the bride of George Krueckl.

Eddie Carate is now busy getting all his fruit trees into shape for the summer; Laurie Johnson says that he has been just keeping his nose to the grindstone — as usual; Jean Paylor continues with her 10 BX program and Ralph Bloomfield has been busy as a bee raising everyone's wages.

Buddy Simpson once again successfully contested the Federal Election and has returned to his seat in the House of Commons in Ottawa as the representative of one of Canada's largest Constituencies.

Harold Vance, Sylvia Smoliga and Clarence
(Continued on page 35)

Sharon Deslauriers, personnel.



Evelyn Sochan, personnel.



Emily Jancik, personnel.

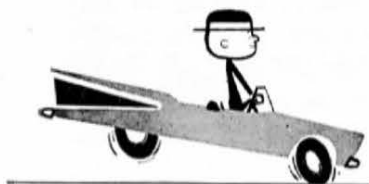


6 WAYS TO CHECK YOUR CAR FOR DANGER SIGNALS

Recognizing danger signals in time is a sure way of cutting down on highway traffic accidents. You don't have to be a mechanic to run a few simple tests on the family auto before taking off on that long jaunt out of town. And pretesting your car before a trip will help spot mechanical weak points in time to get them fixed by a qualified mechanic. Here are a few spot checks you can make yourself. Try them. The life you save may be yours.

. . . try this

. . . watch for these



BRAKES

Put three fingers under the brake pedal, little finger on the floor. Depress the pedal. Good brakes will not let the pedal squeeze your fingers. Driving at 20 miles per hour, loosen your grip on the steering wheel. Jam on your brakes. Your car should not swerve from a straight line.

Low or spongy pedal action
Screeching brakes

Excessive sensitivity to early-morning moisture



LIGHTS

In your garage or driveway, have someone switch on parking lights, headlights (upper and lower beams) and brake-pedal lights. Make sure all bulbs are operating.

General dimness of lights

Beams seriously out of line (can be noticed as you enter garage)

Cracked lenses



TIRES

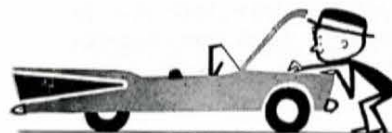
Inspect tires carefully for cuts or breaks in any part of the rubber, including the sidewalls. Make sure the tires have adequate tread. Jacking car will make inspection easier.

Uneven wearing of tread, indicating wheels out of alignment

Consistent low pressure in any one tire

For tubeless tires, check wheel rims for dents or cracks.

Loud tire squeals on normally easy turns



BATTERY

Lift the hood and see if the top of the battery, the connection posts and wires are clean and not corroded.

Lights dimming or other electrical accessories failing

With the lights on, start the engine. If the lights become very dim, the battery needs recharging or replacing.

Very slow and hard starting in the morning



STEERING

Drive at 35 miles an hour on a clear stretch of level, paved road. Loosen grip on steering wheel. Car should not veer sharply to one side.

Any noticeable vibration or shimmy in the steering wheel, indicating wheels out of balance or alignment

A constant pull of the car toward one side of the road



WIPERS

Pour water on the windshield and start the wipers. If the blades consistently miss spots, have them repaired or replaced.

General slowing down of wiper action

Erratic operation of wipers



Maureen Curry, our newest.



As usual, the Purchase Department hard at work. Your reporter, Fairlye Atkinson, and Bill Tindall.



The Windsor Community Club Playground C Hockey Club coached by Al Gillies.

Deidre, daughter of Enid and Jack Purvis, on her third birthday.



WINNIPEG OFFICE

KENT MORGAN

FOUR times yearly your reporter is required to delve into the personal lives of twenty-two people in an attempt to discover enough news for this column. As you can imagine, you naturally hear and know more about certain individuals than others and it seems that you are reporting only the activities of a chosen few. No matter how hard you try, there are always persons who refuse to co-operate and they seem to forget that you are only attempting to do a small job to the best of your ability. You can respect the wishes of those people who sincerely do not wish to have any of their affairs made public but sometimes you wonder why you bother to do the job when you receive so little cooperation. As far as I am concerned, I'm ready to turn the writing of this column over to the first volunteer.

End of editorial; on with the news.

When the curling brooms were finally put away at the end of April, only Roy Enman was able to win a prize when he and his rink finished second in the Second event at the Falcon Lake spiel. Your reporter and his rink managed to finish in first place over the regular season in the 45 rink Bide-A-Wee mixed league but it was thumbs down in the first game of the club championship. Al Gillies' Playground C's were forced to pack away their hockey equipment earlier than they had hoped when they were eliminated by Norberry 6-3 in their two game total goal division final. Al was very proud of his boys in their first year of organized hockey and we must take this opportunity to compliment all and Jack Aston, the team manager, on the way they handled the team. Each player received equal ice time right into the finals and this treatment will no doubt pay off in future seasons. Bill Tindall's house league team also reached the finals for the third straight season but were defeated, also for the third straight time. Although Bill certainly enjoys coaching the wee fellows, we feel that a man of his hockey experience and know-how should be passing his knowledge on to the older players in the community club, who would be able to absorb it more readily.

Maybe next season we'll be able to convince Bill to coach a team in the G.W.M.H.A.

As usual, Mr. Ayre took a spring vacation, this year to Mexico via Pittsburgh where the Ayres visited with their son and daughter-in-law. The big highlight of the Mexico trip for Mr. Ayre took place when he caught a 120 pound sailfish in Acapulco Bay. This is no fish story as Mr. Ayre has a picture to prove it. Maisie Grey also has enjoyed part of her holidays, flying to Ottawa for a week while Fairlye Atkinson spent a few days at the west coast. Irma Hamilton has an exciting vacation planned for May when she intends to travel on the S.S. Prince George through the Island Passage to Alaska. Scheduled stops include Prince Rupert, Skagway and Whitehorse for the one girl in our office who certainly takes advantage of her holidays.

The Buchanan family recently moved into their new home on Thatcher Drive just off University Crescent in Fort Garry. Mrs. Buchanan had barely been able to get things settled when she injured her back and spent some time in hospital. By the time you read this, we hope that she is feeling much better and able to enjoy her lovely new house. Luckily for the Daïd Duck Poker Club, Mrs. Buchanan's mishap came after the Buchanans' hosted the last session of the season. We understand that Al Gillies and Bill Tindall were the big winners over the year while Roy Enman again proved to be the unluckiest player.

Cigars and chocolates were passed around the office on April 11 by Jack Purvis, who announced the birth of his first son, John Robert Archer, 5 lbs. 10½ oz. at 7.00 p.m. the previous evening. We are sure that Jack will have a picture of his new son for our next issue.

Diane Bruneau, who was just with us for a few months, has moved to Brantford, Ontario, where she plans to be married within a short time. We would like to welcome Maureen Curry an 18 year old brunette to our staff. Maureen or Marny as she is nicknamed, attended Vincent Massey Collegiate and recently completed a commercial course at Success Business College. This is Maureen's first job and she claims that she is enjoying it very

much. Two of her favourite pastimes are horse back riding and skiing and she also plans to try tennis and golf at the Canoe Club this summer.

THE MOUNTED POLICE AND THE BATTLE OF DUCK LAKE

(Continued from page 29)

As the telegraph wires were cut and the trails running southward from Carlton and Prince Albert blocked by Dumont's men, the Commissioner added a postscript to his missive: "Send a message at once to Ottawa via Swift Current. If wires are cut send in a special messenger at once."

In the early hours of the 27th the two hopelessly wounded men, Csts. G. P. Arnold and G. K. Garrett, succumbed and were buried with military honours in one grave about 200 yards to the north-west of Fort Carlton. It was the intention to convey the wounded volunteers to Prince Albert, as well as the bodies left on the field as soon as they could be recovered.

MAIN OFFICE

(Continued from page 35)

Merrell are spending all their spare moments preparing for the Glee Club's spring production "The Music Man". Harold and Clarence are singers and Sylvia sings and dances.

And now to bring this column to a dazzling conclusion, mention must be made of the sparkler which has been, since March 1st, glistening on the left hand of Donna Walton.

An Irishman, after paying his respect at the family plot in the cemetery, walked around reading some of the other tombstones. He stopped before one engraved, "Here lies Sandy McGregor, a generous father, and a pious man."

"Huh! Just like the Scots," he mumbled to himself, "three men in one grave."

* * *

Wife to neighbor as they watched husband mending window: "For years he had me believing his union wouldn't let him repair things in the house."



Opening ceremony marking the opening of Command Curling playoffs for the Marsh Peters trophy.

Royal Canadian Legion

RON HIGHFIELD

THE stand of the Royal Canadian Legion with regard to the selection of our National Flag is set forth below.

At Windsor in 1960, and again in Halifax in 1962, at Dominion Conventions (which are in effect, the Parliament of the Legion, and represent the voice of Canadian ex-service personnel) a resolution was passed urging the Canadian Government to Pass an Act of Parliament, declaring the Canadian Red Ensign to be our National Flag.

Admittedly, every last member of the Legion did not approve of this choice; however we have reached a majority decision amongst one quarter of a million Legion members, who represent a complete cross-section of the citizenry of our vast country.

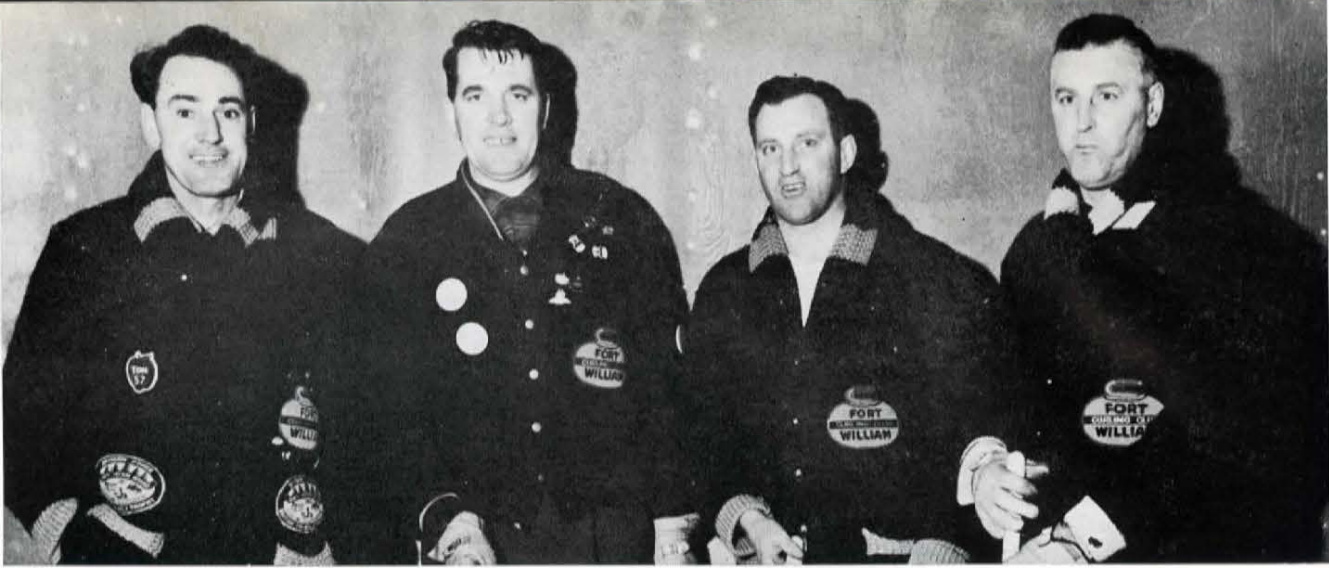
We feel that the majority of Canadians already recognize the Canadian Red Ensign as the National flag of our country. It was used in Canada prior to Confederation; Queen Victoria recognized it in 1870 by placing it on the reverse side of the Fenian Raid Medal; in both World Wars and Korea, many of our war dead were lowered into their grave under the Canadian Red Ensign.

Its use was officially authorized by Order in Council dated July 26, 1962. A further Order in Council dated Sept. 5, 1945 stated in part "the Canadian Red Ensign may be flown from buildings owned or occupied by the Federal government within and without Canada" and further, "that it shall be appropriate to fly the Canadian Red Ensign within or without Canada wherever place or occasion may make it desirable to fly a distinctive Canadian flag".

There is no doubt, therefore, that the Canadian Red Ensign is Canada's own distinctive

A few of the "Old Sweats" of WWI celebrate Vimy Night in the clubroom. Third from left, standing is Jim Mault, South African War veteran.





The Fort William team won the trophy — Wm. Hodgson, skip, Ernie Cameron, Hugh Sutton and Ollie Sutton.

national flag, and is official in every respect but one — it has not been formally adopted by Parliament — despite the fact that it has flown over the Houses of Parliament for the past 18 years.

The Canadian Red Ensign is, without doubt a beautiful and appropriate flag for Canada. The Union Jack in the canton proclaims that Canada is a full partner in the British Commonwealth.

The shield in the fly is a part of Canada's official coat of arms, and contains the emblems of our four principal founding races — the English, French, Scottish and Irish — together with Canada's own national emblem, the Maple Leaf; and all on a background of red which through the ages has been a symbol of courage. It is difficult to conceive of a flag more symbolic of Canada, or more attractive.

Ed. Note: This plea reflects the official attitude of the Legion's one million members

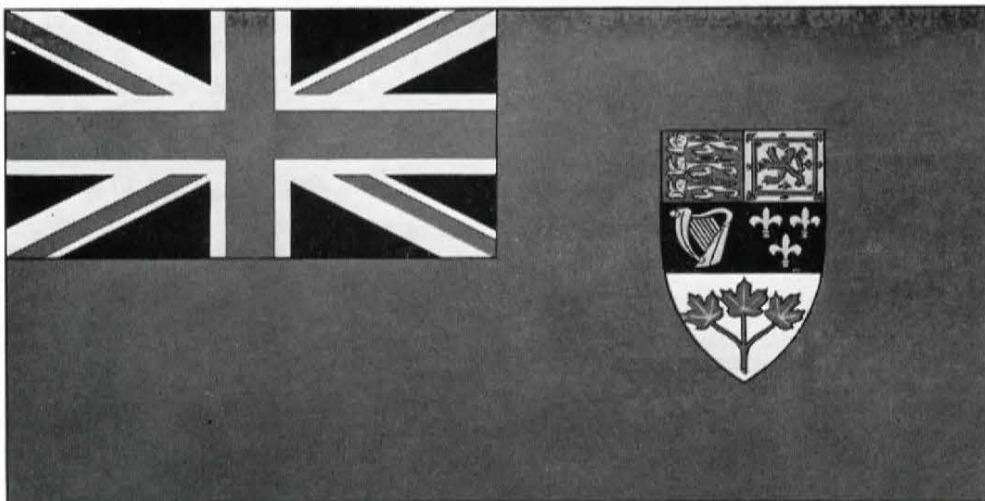
and should not be considered as an expression of opinion by those outside that body.

Now for other items of interest. Branch No. 73 played host to the Manitoba and N.W. Ontario Command curling finals early in March with the "six-foot-plus" rink from Fort William copping the Marsh Peters Trophy.

Our ex-service girls have taken over the duties of the sick visiting committee this year, and the ones most pleased about this are those who are visited in the hospitals.

At the Zone No. 1 meeting held in The Pas in Feb., Cde. Allan Anderson was re-elected to the post of Zone Commander for a two-year stint. In May at the District No. 1 Convention in Dauphin Cde. A. M. (Fred) Ledieu was elected District Commander, and yours truly taking over the position of Secretary-Treasurer of District Council.

Branch Delegates attending the Manitoba
(Continued on page 38)



Royal Canadian Legion's proposal for national flag.

What is a GIRL?



By ALAN BECK

LITTLE GIRLS are the nicest things that happen to people. They are born with a little bit of angel-shine about them and though it wears thin sometimes, there is always enough left to lasso your heart—even when they are sitting in the mud, or crying temperamental tears, or parading up the street in mother's best clothes.

A little girl can be sweeter (and badder) oftener than anyone else in the world. She can jitter around, and stomp, and make funny noises that frazzle your nerves, yet just when you open your mouth, she stands there demure with that special look in her eyes. A girl is Innocence playing in the mud, Beauty standing on its head, and Motherhood dragging a doll by the foot.

Girls are available in five colors—black, white, red, yellow, or brown, yet Mother Nature always manages to select your favorite color when you place your order. They disprove the law of supply and demand—there are millions of little girls, but each is as precious as rubies.

God borrows from many creatures to make a little girl. He uses the song of a bird, the squeal of a pig, the stubbornness of a grasshopper, the curiosity of a cat, the speed of a gazelle, the slyness of a fox, the softness of a kitten, and to top it all off He adds the mysterious mind of a woman.

A little girl likes new shoes, party dresses, small animals, first grade, noise makers, the girl next door, dolls, make-believe, dancing

lessons, ice cream, kitchens, coloring books, make-up, can of water, going visiting, tea parties, and one boy. She doesn't care so much for visitors, boys in general, large dogs, hand-me-downs, straight chairs, vegetables, snow suits, or staying in the front yard. She is loudest when you are thinking, the prettiest when she has provoked you, the busiest at bedtime, the quietest when you want to show her off, and the most flirtatious when she absolutely must not get the best of you again.

Who else can cause you more grief, joy, irritation, satisfaction, embarrassment, and genuine delight than this combination of Eve, Salome, and Florence Nightingale? She can muss up your home, your hair, and your dignity—spend your money, your time and your temper—then just when your patience is ready to crack, her sunshine peeks through and you've lost again.

Yes, she is a nerve-racking nuisance, just a noisy bundle of mischief. But when your dreams tumble down and the world is a mess—when it seems you are pretty much of a fool after all—she can make you a king when she climbs on your knee and whispers, "I love you best of all!"

ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION

(Continued from page 37)

and N.W. Ontario Command Convention at Fort Francis during the first week in June were Branch prexy Bert Imrie, Fred Ledieu, Thornton Pockett, Al Anderson and yours truly.

The Red Shield Campaign is being organized and carried out entirely by Legion members this year.

On April 9th, the 46th anniversary of the battle of Vimy Ridge, the branch played host to veterans of the First World War. After a few hours of telling stories and reminiscing, some 35 old sweats were certain that they had, individually, won the First Great Fracas.

Dates to remember:

July 13th — Legion Picnic at Cranberry Portage. Members and friends welcome.

July 18th, 19th and 20th—Legion Carnival in Flin Flon.

COURTESY

IN A WHIRL of going places and getting things done, people don't even seem to be as nice to each other as they used to be. This is understandable, but there are a lot of us who seem to have a corner on the trouble market. This attitude creeps into so many things we do, on the job and even at home.

It takes only a second to say "thank you" and "please." Yet these little words do a big job in building better relations with everyone. A good deed is never lost, either. He who sows courtesy, reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness, gathers love.

Like the quality of mercy, courtesy "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." See the friendly smile you give quickly reflected back to you.

Courtesy is also a mark of selfrespect. Through lack of it a man betrays his poor opinion of himself.

More than anything else though, the policy of courtesy toward our fellow employees is the criterion by which we are judged, both as individuals and as a company.

SOLID FOUNDATION

WHEN we visit a garage to have motor troubles fixed and find out that we are dealing with a mechanic who knows the tricks of his trade, we have no hesitation in returning to him and recommending him to our friends. We have confidence because he has proven himself a skilled craftsman.

Ability is not an innate talent; it must be acquired through study, hard work and perseverance. It is necessary to study one's means of livelihood to know it and be able to practice it competently. The more familiar is our occupation, the more satisfying the outcome of our labor. Such results of our efforts weigh in our favor when chances of advancement are considered.

Just as a tree is known by its fruit, so is man known by his work. One may boast of high-sounding titles, but even the most elegant one is no substitute for ability. A man is judged by his accomplishments, his foresightfulness, his decisions and the solutions he

brings to problems. In other words, he stands or falls by his performance in different situations, not by his diplomas.

When confronted with a problem (and what occupation is free from them), it is necessary to consider all its phases, to foresee the consequences of such and such a solution. How can one arrive at an adequate solution if he does not possess the necessary knowledge to evaluate all its aspects? How can one reach a logical conclusion to a situation if half the details escape him? The only answer is to know one's job thoroughly, to acquire ability.

Over and above assuring an individual the necessary qualifications for his work, ability also entails relative facility at work. As a matter of fact, it is always easier to carry out a job when one understands the pitfalls and the short cuts. The easier the task, the more agreeable it is. The more agreeable the task, the more efficient is the output.

It is the skilled men who attract and retain the attention of their superiors today. Undoubtedly, they will be the first to be considered when promotions are due.

SAFETY

(Continued from page 31)

cut down to a minimum. The two groups of students pictured are the mine supervisors who took the course in April of this year. During 1963 all surface supervisors will be given this excellent Safety Course, conducted by H. Bloy, Safety Director for the Mines Accident Prevention Association of Manitoba.

SAFETY DEPARTMENT NOTES: Myrna Purdy, our able stenographer for many years, stewing and excited about her forthcoming marriage to Constable Ben St-Onge in July.

Duffy Turcotte—Can hardly wait to get out to Bakers Narrows to putter around the cabin.

Marge McClelland—Four young grandchildren to talk about and look after (when required).

Mrs. Christine Donaghy—Gordon's new Mercury Hardtop and Vacation time—chief topics of conversation.

Jean Beauchamp and Larry Marsh—Had a good trip to Winnipeg where they attended a refresher course in First Aid Instruction.

Poems, Puns & Philosophy

A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when they are told him by a person who knows nothing about them.

* * *

The plumber was working and his new assistant was looking on. The latter was learning the trade and this was his first day.

"Say," he inquired, "do you charge for my time?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"But I haven't done anything."

The plumber had been inspecting the finished job with a lighted candle, which he handed to his helper. "Here," he said, "if you've got to be so conscientious, blow that out!"

* * *

A small boy's head bobbed up over the garden wall and a meek little voice said, "Please Mrs. Black, may I have my arrow?"

"Certainly, where is it?"

"I think it's stuck in your cat."

* * *

Husband: "Honey, if I had it to do over again, do you know whom I'd marry?"

"Wife: "No, I don't. Who?"

Husband: "You."

Wife: "Oh, no, you wouldn't!"

* * *

Fear less, hope more; eat less, chew more; whine less, breathe more talk less, say more; hate less, love more; and all good things are yours.

—Swedish Proverb

* * *

One morning Brown looked over his garden wall and said to his neighbor: "What are you burying in that hole?"

"Oh," he said, "I'm just replanting some of my garden seeds."

"Seeds—" screamed Brown angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens."

"It is and the garden seeds are inside."

A parson, calling on one of his parishioners, called for the family Bible so that he might read a few verses of Scripture before he left. The father of the family sent his young son on the errand.

"Run get the Bible, Bobby. You know, the big book that we all read so much."

Bobby came back promptly, carrying a large mail-order catalogue.

* * *

Pity Scotchman Jock MacFears,
He isn't playing golf at all
He played each day for seven years
But yesterday he lost his ball.

* * *

Lady: "I want a dozen diapers."

Clerk: "That will be \$1.45 plus 20c for tax."

Lady: "Never mind the tacks; I use pins."

* * *

"Your son is making good progress with his violin," remarked a musician friend of the family. "He is beginning to play quite well."

"Do you really think so?" beamed the father. "We were afraid that we merely had become used to it."

* * *

It doesn't take long to make you hard-boiled after you've been in hot water a few times.

* * *

Willie: "Paw, does bigamy mean that a man has one wife too many?"

Paw: "Not necessarily, my son. A man may have one wife too many and still not be a bigamist."

* * *

Helen: "I wonder what men talk about when they're off by themselves."

"Dorothy: "Probably the same things we do."

Helen: "Oh, aren't men awful!?"

* * *

Sonny: "Ma says she could have soled her shoes with the steak I brought back."

Butcher (sarcastically): "Why didn't she?"

Sonny: "She couldn't get the nails through it."



It is man's privilege to assume the responsibility of citizenship. And it is his responsibility to insure the privileges of his fellow citizens. Two things are vital to democracy: that every man grant every other the right he claims for himself, and that every man accept the obligations he expects others to exercise. The good citizen concerns himself with the privileges of others and the responsibilities of himself.

—ROGER W. HOLMES